The SPHERE

Vol. CXX. No. 1567 FEB. 1, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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Best for the Bath

6d per tablet. *Bath Size 10d.*

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The exhilaration of the open moorland—the tonic stimulation of the wind across the lea—the fresh breeze fanning the face—bring health and refreshment to the being. In like manner comes the cooling freshness of White Heather Eau de Cologne in crowded room or quiet boudoir—in sickness or in health—like a fresh spring breeze. Make sure of the result by using

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you remove some of the natural oil which Nature provides to protect the hair and keep it in good condition. The importance of this natural oil is not always fully realised: thinning hair is often due to lack of it. To keep the hair in good condition and make good any deficiency in the natural oil, use the dressing which has been recognised as the best for over 137 years—Rowland's Macassar Oil. It penetrates to the roots and lays the foundation of luxuriant growth.

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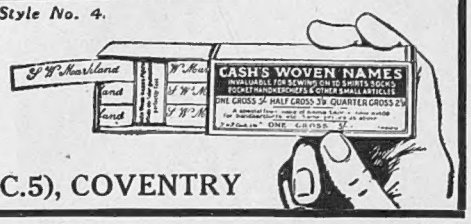

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has not only a pleasant climate throughout the winter months, but is thoroughly alive. The Municipal Orchestra under Basil Cameron holds a great festival from February 26 to March 1, and gives 12 concerts weekly till May.

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HINDES' HAIR TINT

Hindes' Hair Tint restores grey or faded hair to its original colour forthwith—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores, 2/6 or direct: HINDES, LTD., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

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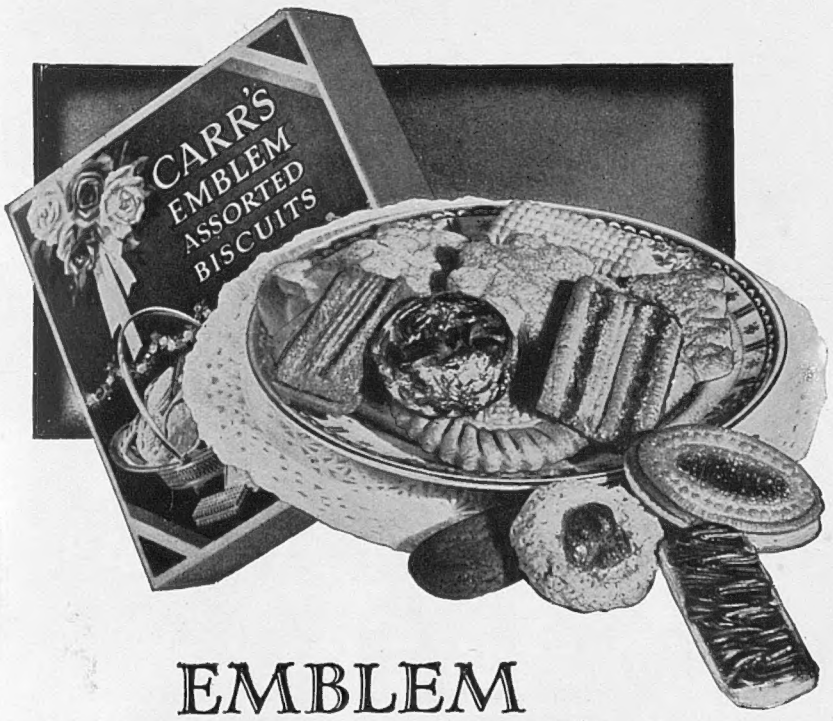

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ASSORTED BISCUITS

For variety this assortment is unique There is a wonderful array of 18 different kinds to tempt the most jaded appetite. The flavour of the first biscuit you try is Good— the second one Better-and so on until you find yourself trying to anticipate the flavour of the next one you eat.

Made only by

CARR'S of CARLISLE

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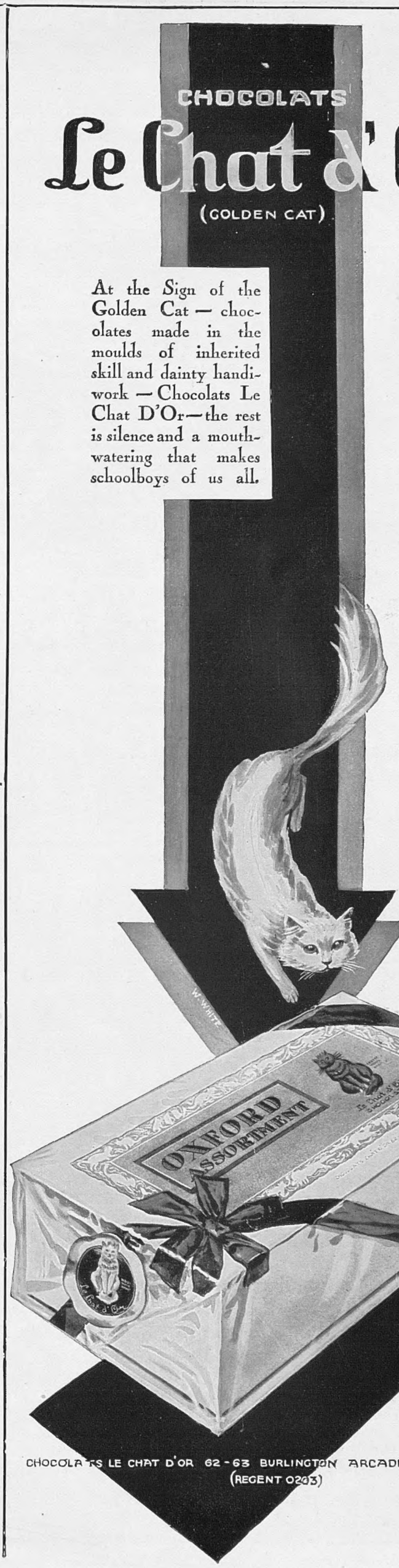
Le Chat d'Or

(GOLDEN CAT)

At the Sign of the Golden Cat — chocolates made in the moulds of inherited skill and dainty handiwork — Chocolats Le Chat D'Or—the rest is silence and a mouth-watering that makes schoolboys of us all.



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'GOLD FLAKE'
SATISFY
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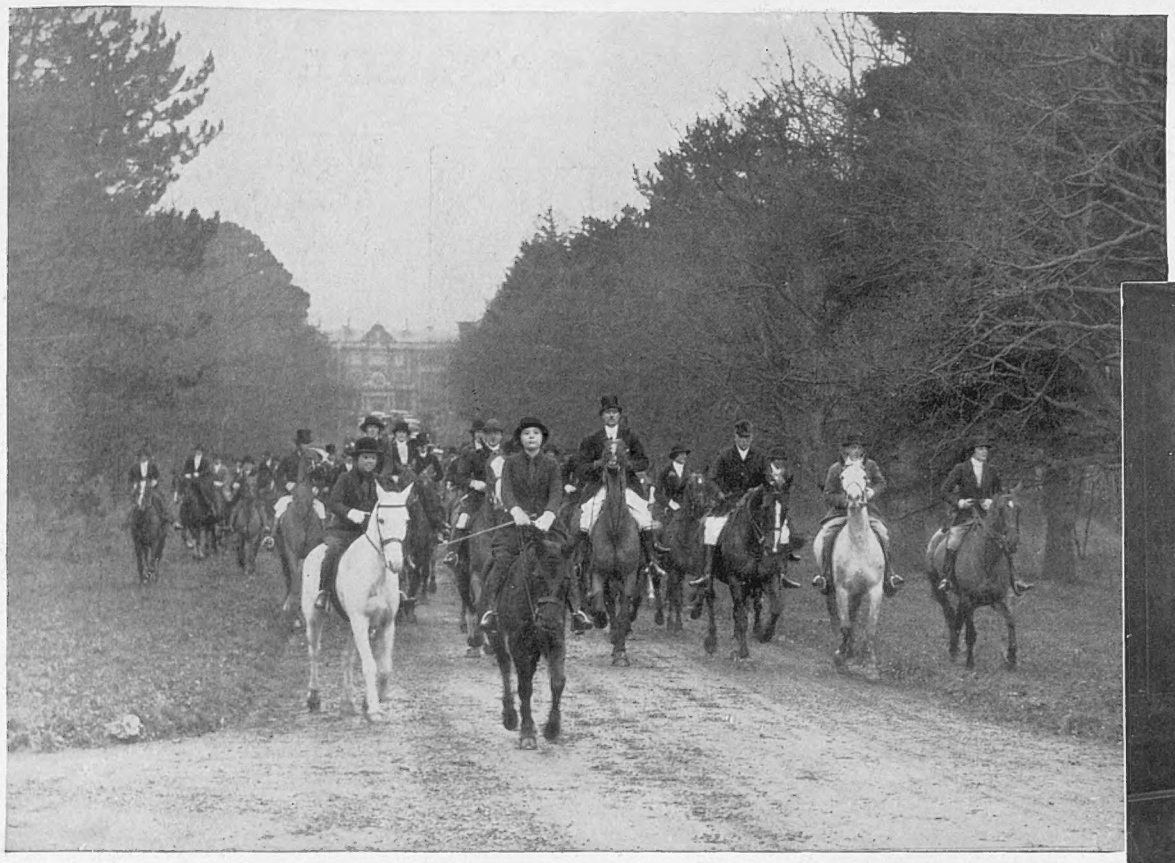
THE LIFE OF TO-DAY.

Hunting Folk of To-day and To-morrow: Harrow Goes Back: Britain's Super Expert in "I.": Mrs. Meyrick Released



"AFTER THE BALL IS OVER": The Garth Foxhounds after the ball meet at Easthampstead Park, the seat of the Marquess of Downshire. The field is seen above moving off down the glorious avenue of trees that leads from the great mansion

BRITAIN'S EYES IN RUSSIA: Sir Paul Dukes, one of the stars of the Intelligence Department, who accomplished the remarkable exploit of living as a Russian in Russia for many months. Sir Paul enlisted in the Bolshevik army and served with the Russian troops. As may be imagined, he speaks Russian like a native—no mean accomplishment as it is considered the most difficult tongue in the world to master. The results of Sir Paul's observation are to be made public

FUTURE FACTORS IN THE SPORTING FIELD: A group of children who were riding in the Row during the unusually clement weather we enjoyed during January. It is from the ranks of such children as these that we recruit our magnificent horsemen and horsewomen—the envy and admiration of the world

"THE SCHOOL OF THE STRAW": In common with all other institutions of learning, Harrow reassembled at the end of last month. The grey-trousered, blue-blazered, straw-hatted Harrovians are seen buying flowers to adorn their rooms—an action which would have been stigmatised as "soppy" in pre-War days!

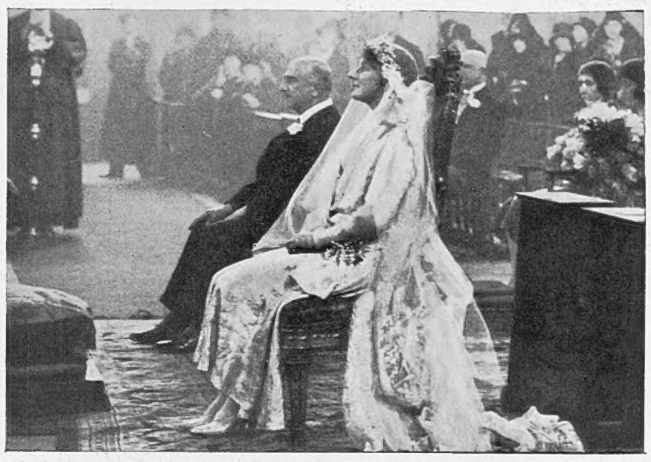
THE NIGHT-CLUB QUEEN FREE AGAIN: Mrs. Kate Meyrick, the owner of the widely-known "43" (now known no more) and many other night-clubs, has just been released from Holloway Gaol, where she served a sentence of fifteen months for bribery in connection with the Goddard case

MARRIAGE — ACCOMPLISHED AND IN PROSPECT

MARRIED AT NINE A.M.:
Lieut.-Colonel P. R. Butler, D.S.O. (Royal Welch Fusiliers), and Miss Rhona Curzon

Miss Rhona Curzon, the daughter of the Hon. Assheton Nathaniel Curzon and the niece of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, was married to Lieut.-Colonel P. R. Butler, D.S.O. (Royal Welch Fusiliers) at 9 a.m. The ceremony was performed at Westminster Cathedral. The Bishop of London officiated at the wedding of Mr. Peter Finch and Miss Dorothy Lonsdale, which took place at St. James's Church, Sussex Gardens. The bridal attendants

HERE COMES THE BRIDE . . .
The bridal attendants at the wedding of Mr. Peter Finch and Miss Dorothy Lonsdale at St. James's Church, Sussex Gardens



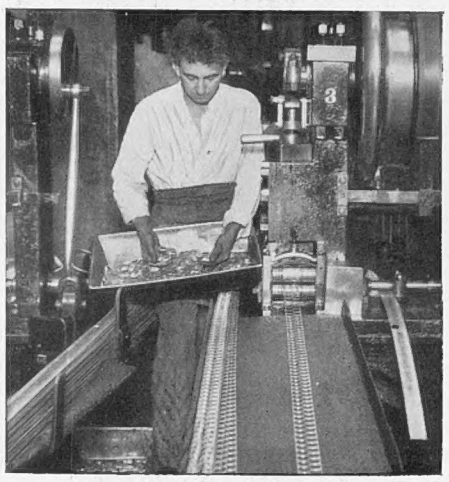
A CATHOLIC MARRIAGE:
Colonel Sir Edgar Bernard and Miss Vera Hobbs, who were married by Cardinal Bourne

A FEBRUARY WEDDING:
Mr. Cuthbert Fitzherbert and Miss Barbara Scrope, who will be married at Brompton Oratory

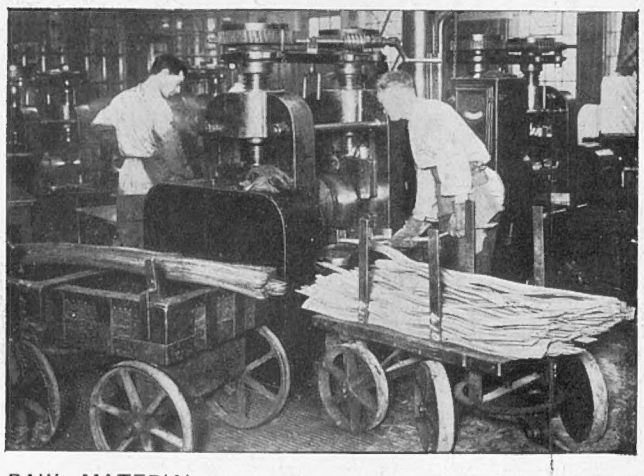
were unusually but most effectively dressed. Westminster Cathedral saw a most impressive ceremony when Colonel Sir Edgar Bernard married Miss Vera Hobbs—the Archbishop of London officiating. A Catholic wedding of the near future is that of Mr. Cuthbert Fitzherbert and Miss Barbara Scrope, two noted sports folk, seen above at Danby Hall, Middleham, Yorks. They are to be married in February at Brompton Oratory.

MAKING "TONS OF MONEY"

SCOOPING IT IN:
Employees at the Mint shovel silver into sacks for distribution



WELL STAMPED OUT:
A bar of silver out of which many coins have been made



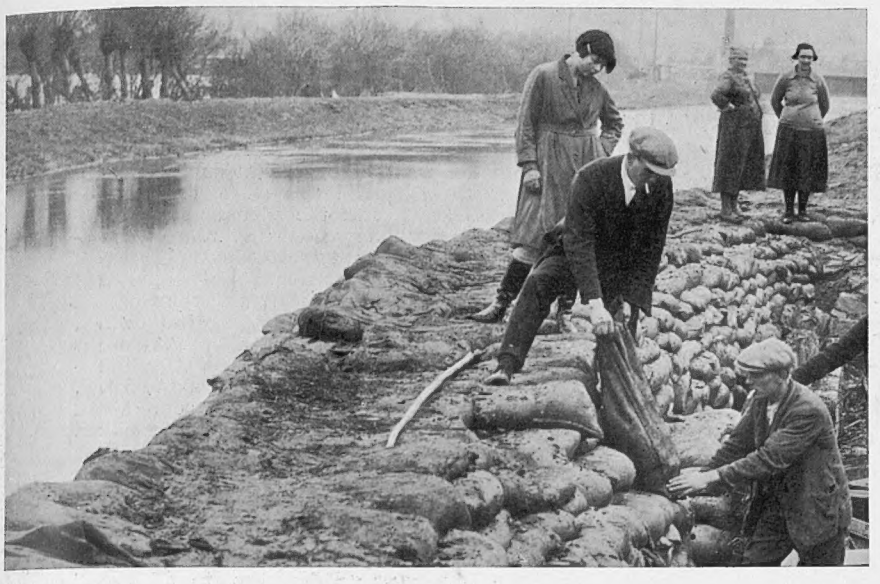
RAW MATERIAL:
Strips of silver and copper being fed into the stamping machine at the Mint

The Mint is working at the highest of high pressure at the moment in readiness for the 1930 circulation. Silver and copper coins are being turned out by the thousand. The metal is fed into the stamping machine in long and narrow strips out of which the coins are punched. At the Mint, which is guarded by the military every night, the coins are shovelled into sacks and then distributed for circulation to the banks

NAVAL PEACE

THE PALACE POST OFFICE:
The corner of the Armoury at St. James's Palace devoted to foreign and inland telephones

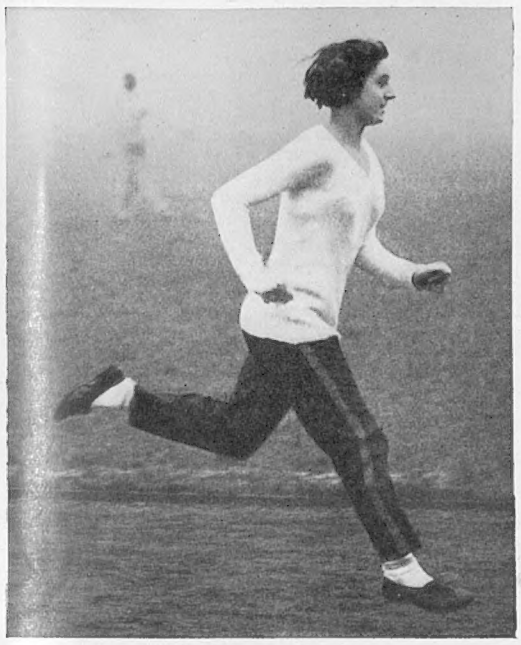
FLOODS STILL MENACE SOMERSET



A CIVIL SANDBAG BARRICADE:
A scene at Athelney, Somerset, where the River Tone burst its banks—not for the first time

VENICE IN THE WEST COUNTRY:
The inn at Athelney, near Bridgwater, a village flooded out for the second time in six weeks

SPORT KEEPS BOTH SEXES BUSY



THE BOUNDING VENUS:
A member of the Middlesex Girls' Club "limbers up" at Battersea Park, the famous female track

PUTTING HIS SHIRT ON IT!
A violent episode in the Rugby match between St. Mary's Hospital and Pontypool, which was held at North Wembley

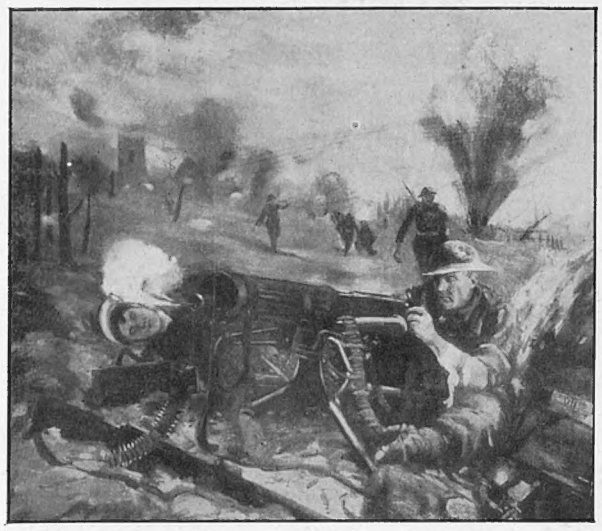
W. W. Wakefield, "Wakers," beloved of all rugger fans, has been selected to lead the XV which will tour Australia and New Zealand next summer. There seems as little rest for ranking football players as for cricketers in these days of universal sporting enthusiasm

ENGLAND'S LEADER:
W. W. Wakefield, who will captain the Rugby team in Australia and New Zealand next summer

TWO VIGNETTES OF LONDON

STRONG ARMS—AND HEADS:
Two workmen demolishing a Fleet Street chimney. In the background is the Old Bailey

POLICE WITH AN UNUSUAL ARREST:
The replicas of the antediluvian animals at the Crystal Palace are being cleaned. Above is seen ***Labyrinthodon Pachygnathos***



"THE STORM OF STEEL": A striking canvas by Lieut.-Colonel Hutchinson, shown at the Army Officers Art Society show at the Burlington Galleries. It is to avert the possibility of a repetition of such tragedies as this that the Naval Conference is now sitting

The DANGER Line.

By George ADAM

In this article Mr. George Adam, whose recently published study of Georges Clemenceau, "The Tiger," has added to his reputation as a writer on international affairs, contrasts the feverish activity of men to prevent war with the precautions now being taken to meet the menace of European war after 1935 when the factors of Europe's birthrate and political and economic developments will inaugurate a change in the existing balance of European power.

Even in our own short knowledge of history events recur, civilisations rise and fall with undeniable rhythm. Some see in this chart of progress or retrogression the intricate chess-play of spiritual forces, others explain it by the workings of economic forces, and some can discern in it nothing but the crazy chance whereby the roulette wheel defies the laws of mathematics and of reason. But the rhythm exists. It is to be seen in eras of prosperity which economists are unable to explain, in great movements of art, in waves of spiritual revival, and perhaps in nothing more clearly than in the recurring periods of panic which have before now driven countries, by the very intensity of the fear they beget, into the struggles all are anxious to avoid.

The danger of war rather than the dawn of peace is to be seen in Geneva's never-ending discussions on disarmament, in pacts for peace, treaties of non-aggression, declaration of the outlawry of war, against the use of poisoned gas and other similar embodiments of the pacific aspirations of mankind.

Peace, like Free Trade, is an excellent affair if only everybody practises it, but that some degree of military and naval protection is necessary would seem to be shown by the extreme reluctance even of the most pacific of peoples to abandon their safeguards. After the well-nigh universal condemnation of chemical warfare there is not a civilised country that is not equipped for chemical attack, and that has not taken measures to protect its population against poisoned gas. Ten years after "the war to end war" the nations of the world are again endeavouring to put a stop to an armaments race which strangely recalls that which preceded the War. In many ways all these disarmament and peace conferences are symptoms and not cures of the world's war disease.

France, while taking her full share in the world's search for peace, has nevertheless not forgotten—

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done.

From a French point of view it is in the period ushered in by 1935 that such means will be in sight of any would-be evil-doer, and France is now taking steps to render the temptation as little attractive as possible. Her position is peculiar. She is at the present moment the strongest military power in the world. Her navy is better built and more efficiently equipped than at any period during the last fifty years. She is consolidating her great Colonial Empire. The industrial ravages of war have been made good. Her people have lost none of their habits of labour and of thrift. She has recovered her balance on the very edge of the abyss of financial chaos. The peace and stability she enjoys at home give authority to her voice in European counsels. On the surface she would appear to have nothing to fear. But there is another side to the picture.

Since the War the fluctuations of her foreign policy between the somewhat nebulous ideals represented by Briand, and the harsh realism of a Poincaré in the Ruhr have bewildered and sometimes estranged her friends abroad to such an extent that France has lost many of her most ardent admirers in Great Britain and America. Her relations with Italy are as bad as any between two extremely touchy and quarrelsome sisters, and nothing she has done has been calculated to soften the bitterness of German memories.

Just as she had, for political reasons, to forego the left bank of the Rhine as the frontier of her defence, so she has been forced, for financial reasons arising out of reparations, to curtail her occupation of the Rhineland, of which the last military vestiges will have disappeared in 1935. Although in Germany the economic future is still to a certain extent undetermined, there can be no doubt that unless some upheaval occurs within the next few years Germany will have travelled still further along the road of return to pre-War conditions. She has great possibilities, despite the restrictions of the Versailles Treaty, of giving to her populations sufficient rough military training to enable her to become a nation in arms.

The steady revival of German strength is not the only threat to the freedom of French policy. In the Mediterranean a new force has arisen, and the old gospel of adventure is again being preached. French diplomats and soldiers have for so long been accustomed to treat Italy as a very much younger Latin sister that it is difficult for them to realise all the vigour of which modern Italy is capable. Yet Italy is to-day to France and the Mediterranean what pre-War Germany was to Britain and the North Sea. Her population, which already greatly outnumbers that of France, is steadily increasing, and seeks at the expense of France, as did Germany at the expense of Great Britain, a colonial outlet for its activities. The whole philosophy of Fascism is combative, and Young Italy is being brought up to live "dangerously," and acutely conscious of the glories of her Roman heritage. It is sheltered against the weakening influences of humanitarians in a hurry.

The full aggressive effects of such an education will not make themselves felt until 1935, and it is precisely in that period that the military position of France will be most affected by the rising birthrate of Germany and Italy, and that her own supply of conscripts will begin to show the disastrous effects of the first three years of the War.

THE SWISS ARMY: Recruits to the 5th Mountain Regiment rest after lunch after their first instructional parade on skis at Villars when they proved a more than ordinarily "Awkward Squad." Were all armies as little bellicose as that of the mountain republic, there would be little fear of war

Already under the existing system of one year's military conscription the standing army of France is declared by the Minister of War to be insufficient to provide the necessary protection for mobilisation. This critical moment in Europe was foreseen immediately it became clear that Foch and Clemenceau would be unable to win the consent of Wilson and Lloyd George to the Rhine becoming the military protective frontier of France.

The French Supreme War Council at once pressed for a study of the defensive armour of the country, which the experience of war had shown to be extremely defective. The battle of experts which has ever since raged as to the merits of various theories of field and siege fortifications and the advantages and disadvantages of war of movement as compared with a war of entrenched positions prepared in advance, and therefore all well known by the enemy, is now at an end. Parliament has voted the £120,000,000 necessary to build the new Great Wall of the West. All the plans have been determined upon. Work has already begun, and Government has been authorised to pledge the full credit opened to it in such a manner that the new system of fortifications shall be completely finished by 1935, and the country able to meet the changed situation which will then exist as to the balance of military power.

Individuals may say "Good-bye to all that," but nations, unfortunately, and France in particular, are not able to bid farewell to their responsibilities with the same ease. France has not only to provide cover for the mobilisation of her trained reservists, she has also to protect vital industrial regions such as the Briey Basin and renew the fortifications of Metz, Strassburg, and Thionville which modern artillery has rendered inadequate.

There were two opposing theories as to the best means of sheltering the country against invasion. The one recommended construction of great fortified systems of the old permanent type linked up one with another by an almost unbroken line of machine-gun pivot points and great underground, gas-proof, shell-proof troop concentration shelters. The other school of experts favoured lighter and more numerous pivot points armed with nests of machine guns and quick-firing artillery and a use and strengthening of every natural defensive element.

The two systems are welded in the plan finally adopted, which contains features entirely new in field fortifications. It is upon the old road of invasion—the Metz-Thionville line and the Alsatian plain—that the heaviest programme will be carried out. It is from that direction that comes the direct menace to the metallurgical wealth of France and that the capital is most vulnerable to attack. There instead of the old style forts will be built a number of fortified areas with permanent fortified centres of resistance linked up by vast underground passages with smaller pivot points, the whole design of which will be to give as wide a field of fire for machine-guns and quick-firing artillery as is possible. It will be as though the various casemates and other defensive elements of the old style fort had been shaken out of the jig-saw puzzle box and spread over a larger area. All these centres of resistance will in a similar way become bastions of the vaster plan of local defence.

In addition to this system of permanent fortification the scheme provides for flying "spare part" fortresses which will be assembled in time of peace at strategical points. They will have every kind of material in stock for the rapid construction of serious field works, and thanks to the enormous development of mechanised transport, will be able to rush to any point where further strengthening of the country's armour is called for.

It will be noted that nearly all the defensive plans of France are aimed at meeting a German invasion from the East and that the possibility of Germany again attempting to invade France through Belgium has been, for the moment at any rate, ignored. While it is true that Germany is believed to have learned the lesson that her invasion of Belgium did not pay, there are other reasons for French confidence in her ability to defend her northern frontier without making any very heavy expenditure upon fortification works in that area.

A new defensive scheme adopted by France provides for flooding such large tracts of the country in the north as to recall the heroism of the Dutch in washing out the French and Spaniards by similar means.

Important and significant appointments have been made in the Supreme Council of War, from among whose number is chosen the General to command the armies of France during war time.

A MIXED BAG of NEWS.

Behind the Scenes and on the Stage at the Conference: The Kaiser now 71: A New Film Thrill: The International at Belfast: Keeping Fit in Mayfair: A "New" St. Moritz Fashion

THE BATTALIONS OF PUBLICITY: Mr. Stimson, the chief American delegate to the Naval Conference, with Mrs. Stimson, faces the guns that give no quarter, at Warre House, Stanmore

2 500 WORDS A MINUTE: A corner of the European transmitting room at the G.P.O., through which many Conference reports are sent

A COHORT OF TYPE MACHINE GUNNERS: An octette of stenographers attached to the French delegation. There is considerable competition as to efficiency and personal appearance among the secretariats

THE WHEEL OF TIME: A Dickensian costume now the dernier cri *at St. Moritz*

THE EXILE—AGED 71: The newest picture of the ex-Kaiser, who passed his 71st birthday this week. His quondam majesty seems remarkably well

A SITUATION FRAUGHT WITH DANGER: A tense moment in "King of the Congo," starring Miss Jacqueline Logan

Below—*FRIENDLY WAR: A moment during the Franco-Irish Rugger match at Belfast, won by France by five to nil*

MISS 1930 KEEPS SLIM: A scene at a gymnasium in the fashionable quarter of Mayfair

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BLUE BIRD PETROL COMPANY ARRESTED IN PARIS—THE DEATH OF MME FRANCE—SIR HENRI DETERDING IN ST. MORITZ—SPORT IN JAPAN—THE SUICIDE CEMETERY—THE NEWSVENDORS' RACE IN PARIS

A QUESTION OF EXTRADITION: Mr. Francis Lorang, the Chairman of the Blue Bird Petroleum Company, who was arrested in Paris. He was brought up before the Extradition Court on application of the City of London Police

A LOSS TO FRANCE. Mme Anatole France, the wife of the writer of ***Thaïs, Révolte des Anges,*** and many other masterpieces, who preserved as sacred the memory of her brilliant husband, has just died

AN OIL MAGNATE TAKES TO FROZEN WATER: Sir Henri Deterding, the Dutch financier, whose ***coups*** in the oil market are famous, is seen above with Lady Deterding on the Suvretta House Ice Rink, St. Moritz

THE SPORT OF JAPAN: Exhibitions of ***Jiu-Jitsu,*** more properly ***judo,*** attract large audiences in Nippon, even as prize-fights in the West. Two noted exponents of the art are seen above interlocked in a bout at the Dewa-no-uni Club, Tokio

A CEMETERY OF SUICIDES: In the Doelan Camp near Halle, Germany, is a small graveyard starred with nameless crosses. Beneath them repose the remains of suicides of unknown origin. Most of the bodies are reclaimed from the River Saale

A NEWSVENDORS' RACE IN PARIS: Competing newspaper "boys" cycling through the Paris streets in the contest held to discover who was the finest and fastest deliverer in the French capital. The contest was won by M. Georges, who is a well-known vendor of ***Le Journal***

A MONEYLENDER of 2,000 Years Ago.

The Race of Usurers was not Confined to Venice in the Fourteenth Century, nor to the Britain of Cœur de Lion and King John, nor even to the "big business" of the Bello-cian Twentieth Century. One flourished in Pompeii 2,000 years ago, one who left his infamous imprint on the Society and the structure of his contemporaries and his city

SHYLOCK OF POMPEII: The bust of Cecilius Jucundus Cornelius Tages

After a rest of almost 2,000 years the affairs of Cecilius Jucundus Cornelius Tages—Pompeii's best-known moneylender—are again coming to light. He must have been an extraordinarily shrewd fellow, this obscure peasant-banker who fell upon Pompeii at the best hour of her glory (when business was brisk and lust was everybody's dream) like a bird of prey falls upon his victims.

There were many moneylenders at Pompeii, most of them being of the vulgar type with which is commonly associated this class of "financiers" at every time and in every corner of the world. But Cecilius Jucundus Cornelius Tages was undoubtedly a man of extraordinary wealth and perhaps not entirely void of some artistic temperament, if his house (or group of houses) which is coming to light under the very latest excavations, may be taken as a specimen of the master's taste.

Like every shrewd moneylender, Tages had his place of business and his private abode almost in the very centre of the town, in one of the principal streets, and was provided with a double exit (a clear sign that even at those times a safe way of escape was a necessity for such business men). His private residence bears traces of wealth and of love for pleasure. The *peristilium* (or central hall) has a double range of columns, a sure sign of luxury; a small fountain in the centre testifies to his master's delight in long siestas.

It is clear, from a mosaic found under the verandah of the *peristilium* that Mr. Tages was not particularly struck with the idea of work and that—like many men of his time—he believed more in glorifying laziness than activity. The mosaic, in fact, is the reproduction of what must have been an every-day scene in these times—the lifting up by two slaves of a fallen donkey, on which the lazy master is still sitting unperturbed by the labouring animal.

Adjoining what can be called the "official" residence of Mr. Tages is—or was—a delicious small house, whose rooms are perhaps smaller but more intimate, and bear traces of having witnessed the best part of the moneylender's private life. A sitting-drawing-room which opens right into the street on one end and into a dwarf garden on the other end, must have been Tages's private reception-room, perhaps the room in which rate of interest of 200 per cent. was hushed behind closed doors, perhaps the room in which courtesans of the day were calling to bestow their favours on the almighty banker and to ask for his.

The whole quarter speaks of comfort, of privacy, of discreet lighting, of subdued roaring of a fountain, of rest from the noise of the town, and even of love. A fresco still existing on a wall of what must have been a small dining-room testifies to the banker's appreciation of wealth. The peacock (a sign of richness) is at the top of a luxury cup surrounded by laurels (the emblem of glory). It is an ugly composition, quite significant of its master's mind. A colossal dustbin in heavy lead and in a perfect state of preservation bears reproductions of the coins of the day, a clear demonstration of its master's love for money.

The bedrooms are simple, but a few pieces of ivory still stuck on the walls testify that at least one of the bedrooms—Tages's own—must have been a marvel of richness and of luxury.

It is evident that Tages's business must have prospered as time went on, and in fact next to his two houses, the banker owned a third one which evidently he must have bought later when the wealth accumulated with evergrowing speed. One can clearly see the difference in ground level between the two properties which made it necessary for Tages to open a small stepgate through which he could, unobserved, gain admittance into his new property. The new house was undoubtedly one of the oldest in Pompeii, most likely built by some respectable and refined Roman whose fortune had been lost through the wars, and who had to surrender his beautiful home to the profiteer, whose turn was to destroy all that good taste and well-spent money had brought together. Pompeii was fast approaching decadence when Tages bought his last property. The love for war and conquest which had made Rome famous had given way to a desire of joy and rest. Everywhere people were depreciating arms and soldiering; everywhere one could see the sure omens of a decadent nation—luxury and loose morals.

On right—*THE BARRIER: A peculiar but efficient bar to unwelcome visitors*

Tages cannot escape the tendency of his time. He has a big fresco painted on a wall celebrating the loves of Mars and Venus, and has it so placed as to hide almost entirely the little altar on which the "lares" (gods of the house) rested with the previous landlord. He orders another colossal fresco to celebrate a "Venus of the Sea" in his back garden, and has no hesitation in building a small temple to Venus Aphrodite in the courtyard of one of his houses, decorating it with frescoes whose reproduction would be quite impossible for any public exhibition.

That Tages must have been a nervous man is amply demonstrated by the heavy line of "defences" which surrounds his properties. The back door of his garden has been found intact and it testifies of the solidity of its locking system. Two heavy iron bars are driven across the doorway, while an enormous tree helps to make the entrance absolutely impregnable from the outside.

Below—*LEAD, BASEST OF METALS: The dustbin studded with reproductions of old coins*

And when the hour of peril approached, Tages—who must have been a marvel of cool-headedness and far-sighting—gave orders for all possible treasure to be taken outside, perhaps to the sea, perhaps to Naples, perhaps even to Rome. In fact no gold or silver whatever has been found in any of his properties, not even a bronze coin. The shrewd banker only left behind what was most difficult to remove—a few big statues, pieces of heavy furniture, and the bare walls.

He carefully locked windows and doors. He must have equally carefully taken away eatables and provisions, as only a few casks of wine have been found in his cellars. Having thus brought to safety most of his treasures he must have wished a final farewell to his abode of life and business and found safety in flight.

Yet his bronze bust was left behind and has just been found. A gift perhaps of one of his clients which enables us to complete the otherwise fragmentary history of one of Pompeii's best-known moneylenders who perhaps never dreamed that his name would go down to posterity and his private affairs would be unmercifully scrutinised by the excavators of 2,000 years later.

M. P.

THE DOOR BETWEEN: The entrance connecting Tages's house with his place of business

On right — *THE UNOFFICIAL BANK OF POMPEIIAN SOCIETY: Tages's official residence—a general view*

Lady Drummond-HAY *writes on*

An Intimate "Causerie" on Items of International Interest

WORLD AFFAIRS...

Above: *The star reporter of France: M. Jules Sauerwein, who is at the Carlton with the French Delegation to the Naval Conference. Lady Drummond-Hay quotes below a gem of his Gallic wit*

Below: *Holding a watching brief: M. Ciechanowski, who is the observer of the only non-participating power—Poland—to interest itself actively in the Conference*

FAREWELL—OR HAIL?—I refuse to believe in the "Good-bye to All That," when by "All That" is meant the end of Britain's rôle as one of the greatest of world powers, and the end of the glorious tradition of the British Navy and the British Empire.

I refuse to believe that British prestige and the nimbus of our historical achievements for universal progress, human liberty, civilisation, and culture is waning.

I refuse to believe that the outcome of the assembling in London of the world's five great sea powers will be a watery tomb for England's fleet.

I refuse to believe that King George, as I saw him, standing before the inspiring painting depicting the Death of Nelson aboard the *Victory* in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords, was an ominous symbol of the end of Britain's world power, and that henceforth we must of necessity hitch on to the rising star of America.

I firmly believe that when the Naval Conference comes to an end, which we sincerely hope will be a successful end, Britain will still be the world's first sea power.

I have no patience with the croakers, who in their dismal miasmatic mental swamps of morbid pessimism are intoning a defeatist dirge of the setting sun of Britain's greatness, and distil an insidious anæsthetic for the spirit of manhood and womanhood which they themselves call "Idealism" to render painless the unresisting surrender of "All That."

In the newspaper world there is a class of women writers of whom men in the same profession speak in tones edged with contempt as "Sob Sisters." This because those women report events and describe scenes in distortedly exaggerated terms of pathos that harrow feelings, bring tears to the eyes of readers, and stir public emotions.

There has come into existence a similar class of men—"Sob Brothers"—who are taken much more seriously, and do vastly more harm than their Sob Sisters. Some of them are authors of War books, written ten years after the War in terms of extraordinary emotional pathos and sentimentalism, tending to create an unhealthy, flabby, sobby pacificism, from which one gets the impression that it would not defend wife, mother, sister, home, or country. The financial success of the first of these books has encouraged a regular crop of similar works.

A second class are simply "croakers" who send forth their doleful dirge of national depreciation and dispiriting prophecy. A third class calls itself the "Idealists," who believe that the safety of the British Commonwealth, the security of home, the future country, the happiness and prosperity of the people, lies in everything other than our own self-reliance, our own strength, our own spirit, our own proper appreciation, our own enterprise, initiative, industry, vigour, faith, and self-confidence in ourselves. Between the three the fibre of the manhood of Britain—less in the Dominions—is in danger of being weakened.

MALE AND FEMALE.—Since the coming of civilisation and culture, women have ever been characterised as the "emotional sex" and the "weaker sex." Is the rôle changing? Of the modern woman it is said she is becoming "harder" and less womanly. If we take some of these Sob Brothers' books and the defeatist croaking of others as criterion, we women may well retort that the men are growing emotional, becoming softer and less manly. Even a Joan of Arc had the courage to fight for a cause, led men into battle, fought with them, faced death bravely, and dared to die. One might say that men today are becoming women, were that not unjustly derogatory to modern womanhood.

War that is avertable without that bitter humiliation of national spirit which makes for certain decadence, war that is not in defence of home and country and the most vital life-interests of a nation, is—madness, a crime. That is common sense. The growth of international peace movements, manifested again in the Naval Conference, is a promise to be welcomed, encouraged, merits our utmost co-operation. It is not yet either a guarantee of national security, a substitute for self-reliance, or an excuse for Britain not to maintain those measures of sane, sensible, moderate, but adequate defence which the geographical position of our far-flung Empire and the present mental state of the world still demands.

A great enthusiast for peace: Mr. Evelyn Wrench, editor of "The Spectator," founder of the Overseas League and the English-Speaking Union, who is now creating a new and unprecedentedly wide league for mutual international understanding

The women of the British Empire are for peace, as are the women of every other country. And I am convinced, they expect Mr. MacDonald in the Naval Conference to keep his feet on earth—that earth British soil—however much his head may be in the clouds of an idealism as yet, unfortunately, too-distantly related to realities. And as the greatness and glory of a nation shifts more and more from war's panoply to the arts of peace, I am confident that the manhood and womanhood of the Empire will respond in spirit and determination in the civil and peaceful, but none the less ruthless, struggle for the survival of fitness and national greatness, as it did in the War.

STEAM-HEAT AND ICE-WATER.—The lighter side of Conference and Councils is generally denied the public, perhaps in fear of robbing solemn conclave of a measure of mystery, dignity, and awe. While the regal glory and majestic tradition of the setting for the inauguration of the Naval Conference in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords enthralled privileged spectators, especially members of the foreign press corps, it did not subdue their sense of humour.

The vision of the crimson and gilt throne—replaced by a chair for Mr. MacDonald after the King departed—being borne through the Gallery by three lusty attendants, mightily amused the Americans, and shocked at least two Continental correspondents, who declared that the throne should have been left in place as a symbol of Empire, or respectfully carried in an upright position, not in an attitude so reminiscent of the pathos and chaos of moving-day. Will Rogers, the famous American humorist, sitting near me, drily remarked, "I'll be darned if I let them take *my* seat away."

Jules Sauerwein, France's "star reporter" of international, political, and diplomatic events, sometimes called the "French de Blowitz," thoughfully mentioned to me at lunch later that he had observed three symbols that morning. A hush fell on the table as we waited for his words of wisdom: "The fog increased as the speeches progressed. My attention was fascinated by the statue of King Alfred tentatively offering the assembly a very small ship in his hand. For there hours we were obliged to gaze upon two pictures of vivid significance, the Death of Nelson and the meeting of Wellington and Blücher at Waterloo."

The Americans unanimously complained of the cold, inquiring why the British nation had not subscribed for central heating in their world-famous assembly hall. Shivering wives of the delegates sat muffled in furs. Some surprise was expressed at the fact that the Italian Delegate, Signor Grandi, spoke in English, not in his own language as has been customary so far for inaugural speeches. M. Tardieu spoke in French, and M. Wakatsuki in Japanese.

The American Delegation is holding the limelight in press circles with its bevy of chic stenographers, handsome Marines, outcry for central heating in the Ritz Hotel which they declare is freezing cold, demands for ice-water, purchases of "top hats"—"tubes" as one of their number designated them to me—and individual possession of a mysterious little "blue book," subjected to constant and stealthy reference. I have satisfied my piqued curiosity regarding the little book. It is an eloquent *vade mecum* of American needs in the wilderness of London, from the purchase of "top hats" to "American food," through the list of every human requirement as conceived by the American mind. Since Mr. Stimson himself announced "We are ready to stay here until the problems are solved," one cannot be surprised at the American Delegation considering itself rather in the light of a colony!

THE ALL PEOPLES ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Evelyn Wrench, editor of the historic *Spectator*, founder of the Overseas League and of the English-Speaking Union, confided to me the other day in Vernon House his latest and most ambitious project for fostering the spirit of understanding and peace between nations. It is "APA," the "All Peoples Association" to draw together in the bonds of comradeship the peoples of the world.

"Formal international pacts and agreements between governments have their value in the cause of peace," Mr. Wrench explained. "But while we are striving after an ideal, why not make it *the* ideal—in other words, inspire the man-in-the-street with a spontaneous, personal sympathy for his world-neighbours, so that eventually instinctive mistrust and suspicion of the alien and unknown, common to all races, will tend to disappear, and the Utopia, dreamed by diplomats to-day, assume a recognisable and attractive form in the imagination of the masses."

The Overseas League links up the Empire. The English-Speaking Union explains itself. Mr. Wrench believes that if public opinion of the five continents is "peace-minded" no amount of individual or personal ambition on the part of those in power could prevail against it in the cause of war.

He aims at establishing the nucleus of a world friendship league which will help to remove prejudice and misunderstandings between the peoples of the world. "APA" will co-operate with every organisation of similar aims, and recognises no distinction of race, class, creed, colour, or political party.

"It is early yet to talk about details of organisation," Mr. Wrench said, "but we hope to establish branches in every country of the world, club-houses where the traveller will find a welcome, information, help, and be made to feel at home. An 'APA' monthly magazine will be published in four languages, possibly six later on. The sole object of the league is to make the peoples of the world better known to one another by personal contact, by the printed word, by radio, by correspondence, by the interchange of university professors, students, and journalists. Because 'APA' will be of material and practical use to the commercial man, as well as to the student and tourist, I feel sure that it will grow to tremendous proportions, and fulfil its mission in a more soundly constructive way than instruments of mere peace propaganda."

THE SURPRISE OF HOLLAND.—Poland, with no Colonies and scarcely any navy, has the distinction of being the only non-participating power to send an unofficial observer to the Naval Conference. Mr. Ciechanowski, with the rank of a Minister Plenipotentiary, is the observer.

Holland, in area of its colonial possessions the third greatest colonial power in the world, but in population of her colonies even ahead of France, therefore actually second colonial power, has no observer at the Conference in London although Holland was represented at the Washington Conference.

The Dutch Navy consists chiefly of twenty-eight submarines, two modern 7,000-ton cruisers, five destroyers, and three destroyers being built. Holland derives more than half her wealth from her East Indies colonies. In length of her sea-trade routes she comes immediately after France. In aggregate tonnage of her ships through the Suez Canal she is second. That is, ahead of France and next to Britain. Holland is a unique example of a very small country with vast colonial possessions and great foreign trade that has but a small navy. The explanation is that Holland enjoys to no small extent, and without cost to her, the security afforded by the British Navy, and that the entire route to her East Indies through the Mediterranean, Suez, Red Sea, and Indian Ocean is protected and dominated by the British Fleet.

The SPHERE SURVEYS *the* WORLD

A CEMETERY AS A ROUTE TO A BANK: *At the Louise Cemetery of Berlin-Charlottenburg the police discovered a cave in dangerous proximity to the vaults of the Disconto Bank. Two well-known burglars, the Sass Brothers, had been observed frequenting the bank and it is conjectured that they proposed to tunnel through from the graveyard cave in the manner recounted in "The Red-Headed League," one of the best Sherlock Holmes tales. The accused deny any part in the construction of the cave*

THE RUSSIAN FOREIGN SECRETARY'S BROTHER ON TRIAL FOR FORGERY: *Savel Litvinoff, brother of the Comissar, in the dock in the Paris Assize Court on a charge of forgery. It is alleged he forged seven drafts to himself, which he endorsed himself, for sums amounting to £200,000. Two men are accused with him—Joffe, a Russian, and Leberius, a German. The defence is that the drafts were drawn on orders by Litvinoff's now deceased chief*

AN OLD RELIGIOUS PAGEANT IN FLORIDA: *I. Athenassiou, a Greek diver of the Tarpon Springs, Fla., Sponge Fleet, receives the blessing of Archbishop Alexander of the Americas. The diver retrieved a golden cross cast into the waters of Tarpon Springs to symbolise the baptism of Christ*

A UNIQUE WAR MEMORIAL: *The strange structure at Freienwald to the memory of the Germans who fell in the Great War has just been unveiled. On it is a roll of honour, but its characteristic is the sculpting on it of the heads of typical German soldiers*

On left—FAMOUS ENGLISH TRIPLETS IN AMERICA: *The seven-year-old daughters of Captain and Mrs. Mawby—Angela Claudine, and Claudette—on the beach of Santa Monica, California. They have been appearing on the screen*

On right — CANADA'S GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN THE WEST INDIES: *Lord and Lady Willingdon and their party at St. Kitts. The little girl is Miss Margaret Goldsmith, who became fast friends with Their Excellencies*

"In the WAY they should GO."

Instructing the young idea in the love of country, the conduct of sport, the running of a house, and the ordinary school curriculum

IMBIBING THE SPIRIT OF THEIR FATHERLAND: *Tramping in Germany is more often than not conducted under the guidance of a school-teacher who can point out to his or her charges the beauties—architectural, natural, or historical—of any given spot. The picture above shows a party at Sahleck, near Bacharach*

A VITAL LESSON: *Schoolgirls learn to be good housefraus at the Wilts County Domestic Science Centre at Upper Stratton School—a more important item in the curriculum, probably, than the absorption of the theory of harmony or square or Latin roots!*

"NEVER PRESS ON HOUNDS": *Colonel Gosling, late Master of the Essex Foxhounds, addresses children on the ethics and conventions of the hunting-field at the Children's Meet of the Essex at South Weald, Brentwood*

On left—ALFRESCO INSTRUCTION: *Sickly pupils from the Leicestershire schools are given classes in fine weather on the sand-dunes of Mablethorpe, the popular Lincolnshire resort frequented in summer by excursions from Nottingham, Leicester, and Derby*

The PROBLEM of the UNEMPLOYED.

It is claimed that the dole system is ruining the country, but in face of conditions such as those illustrated on this page it is a question if the Government can do anything other than sustain its unfortunates

DOWN AND OUT: *A crowd of unfortunates in a Church Army shelter. It was through failure to cope with such men as these that the Conservative Government fell*

On left — THE BREAD LINE: *Originally a facet of New York life, this tragic symptom of unemployment has made its appearance in the body politic of Britain. In the mining areas such harrowing sights as this are only too frequent. The State-aid which it is claimed is sapping the* morale *of the country is here seen at its most intimate*

THE "HAND-OUT": *Children of out-of-works receiving State-granted clothes. It is no wonder the Lord Privy Seal, unofficial Minister for Unemployment, is harried to death, for the conditions among those in distress are nothing short of tragic*

Doldrum Days on a Windjammer . . .

Running before a heavy breeze: W. W. Nutting's "Typhoon" in mid-Atlantic

"WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE"—NO DRY SPOT IN A SHIP WHOSE ONLY MOTION WAS CIRCULAR—WITH HOURS ONLY TOO LONG AND TEMPERS TOO SHORT

By Captain Frank H. SHAW

Just as between the varying spasms of a war or a political campaign there are periods of calm when the adversaries pause and draw deep, sustaining breaths and collect their energies for the ultimate rally which shall result in either victory or failure; so, in old windjamming days, we knew a phase of life that allowed the ship to ease herself from her gallant striving, and loll and loaf around the more or less peaceful waters of the doldrums.

Where the trade winds die, in the lap of the lazy Line, there exists a region technically known as an "area of calms and variables," where the winds move erratically, admitting governance by no known laws. Sometimes the doldrums exist far north and south; at periods they do not even exist at all; for just as I have slugged across the Equator a dozen times in one passage, according to the whim and fancy of the errant wind-flaws and the drag of the mixed currents, so have I carried a booming north-east trade, that swelled every canvas bosom to throbbing beauty, clear across the Line into the zone of the south-east trade without so much as starting a sheet and bowsing down a main tack.

Drawn by Rowland Hilder

Waterlogged in the pouring rain: A vivid impression of a windjammer in the doldrums

You could tell the doldrums' nearness by a lessening in the weight of the booming breeze that had set the reef-points strumming tunefully, and a quieting of that speed-meaning splash of parted water along the ship's stalwart sides. Not all at once did one descend from the exhilarant exultation of "flying-fish weather"; one had grown accustomed so much to the tireless swing and hurl of the wind-borne hull that it was accepted as a regular matter.

But then one night, probably about the middle of the sticky middle watch, there would come a thudding fluster of loosened canvas against the masts and a jangling of slacked chain-sheets and a queer and somewhat eerie silence creeping, creeping; as though the ghosts of all drowned mariners were holding placid séance in a place where work-bringing winds were not.

"All aback for'ard!" cried the sleepy look-out, whose eyes were gummed by sheer monotony.

That meant a new alertness; and the watch on deck was instantly fetched out of its selected hidie-holes—you could caulk your night watch clear through in the trades, with never a question asked—to handle the silky braces in an attempt to box off the ship and make believe that it wasn't the doldrums at all, but only a spasm of neglect on the part of the watch officer and the man at the wheel.

The yards came easily round, all working parts being oiled and sleeked into perfect condition; and for a little while the ship filled and her bow began to sing its song of striving—but only for a little while. The sky, previously a starry loveliness, became smudged out, not by swinging wind clouds, but by a thick, gloomy pall that had no terrors in its deeps—only moisture, tropical moisture.

There was a thin flicker of harmless lightning, and it was for all the world as though the heavens had opened themselves wide out to permit the descent of a watery avalanche. Solid water, no less; a slithering, almost Niagara volume of water, descending in cascades, in torrents, in sheets. It beat on the yawning decks, it spun upward; uprising sheets fought with downfalling sheets until the ship was misted to her rails. And the wind died into a sombre, breathless silence. Here were the doldrums at last, acting fully up to expectation. The ship seemed to draw a long, contented breath and relax in her every fibre.

"She's all aback, for'ard, sir!" came again from the lookout. She was all aback both fore and aft; the sails flattened to the masts. She had in an insignificant wind-flaw acquired steerage way aft.

"Weather main-braces—box her off with the fore-yards!" The rain was warm and kindly, spite of its weight; we incontinently ridded ourselves of all clothing and paddled on our occasions without hampering garb. And it was good—oh, but it was *good!*—to feel the soft fresh water laving us. For of all rare things aboard the old-time windjammer, fresh water was by far the rarest.

So we revelled in this grateful downpour, and at the moment took no notice of the fact that it was swelling the once silky ropes to such an extent that they would hardly render through the blocks, and so doubling our labour.

But, box the yards as we might, coaxing every draught of wind that fanned its languid way through the streaming night, we could not make pace where was no pace to make. After occasional indifferent—almost insolent—flaps, the saturated canvas hung limp and lifeless. The air was now so still that the rain sheets came down vertically; and a match, struck, sent its untroubled flame straight into the air.

The ship went to sleep. She streamed moisture from every angle; every bolt-head was a separate fountain. The corners of deck-houses were violent cascades and the cluck-cluck of the useless wheel was an almost disconcerting sound.

There was nothing to do but endure it. You are not captains of your own souls aboard a windjammer at any time, still less so in doldrum weather.

By eight bells in that middle watch it was really raining. The scupper-holes were plugged, and inside an hour the water was a foot deep on the deck and the poop drains were gushing more enthusiastically than ever. Every available receptacle was brimming full of that desirable liquid; and since nothing is ever wasted on shipboard, we were already getting out a new sail, to be thoroughly rinsed before being spread as a catcher, in order that the fresh water tanks might be replenished.

In between times the watch broke off to coax the trifling wisps of wind that fanned up out of varying points of the compass, whispered mockingly, then died away to the starkest of stark calms. The captain walked the poop's weatherside, whistling furiously but unavailingly to call up the favouring winds.

Taking a lookout meant standing unsheltered, with rain sluicing over one with almost the force of boarding easting seas. A trick at the wheel was an inferno, for the rudder kicked and the wheel kicked in sympathy, there being no steadying moving water on either side. If you lost interest for a moment a spoke jolted up and took you under your chin excruciatingly. You stared into the rain-washed binnacle and saw the lubber's line swing erratically from north to east, then back through north to west, with a sudden, uncontrollable jaunt southward.

After a breakfast that tasted rain-washed and diluted, the watch-below availed themselves of opportunity and began to fish, since only when the vessel is at a standstill like this can you fish with any hope of success. We routed out everything procurable in the way of fishing tackle, from shark-hook to the tiny whiting-hook.

Our catch varied. Hours passed without so much as a nibble; then the sail-maker got something on his hook that made as much fuss and flurry as a tarpon, but which, on being conquered and brought aboard, revealed itself as a baby hammerhead shark no larger than a mackerel and complete in every detail.

There were infrequent mackerel, one or two unwary flying-fish, weird, obscene-looking fish; but all of them candidates for the pot as a relief from incessant salt-feeding, though the wise old cook put silver in the cooking-pot as a safeguard. There's a point worth remembering—when dealing with strange fish put a pure silver trifle in the pan. If the fish be edible the silver remains untarnished, but if otherwise it blackens because of the contained poisons.

Oldtimers began to tell gloomy tales of ships that had drifted in the doldrums for weeks and months, until they found fatal and final harbourage in the mythical Sargasso—in which we believed to a man. The chart of our journeying was a criss-cross of lines; here we'd drifted a dozen miles, there we had sailed a score—but in the wrong direction! Occasionally a half-hearted wind-flaw would come urgently out of the wet obscurity to fill the sodden sails, to push us somewhere — anywhere—to die again before the reef points had begun to rustle.

As the temper of the afterguard suffered, so was that suffering reflected among the crew. Little bickerings broke out, friendships were severed; a state of blue-mouldiness grew up. It came to frequent invitations to go out for'ard of the foremast and settle trifling differences in the old-fashioned way.

Thus the days droned by, men glancing askance at one another as if afraid to read evil thoughts in brooding eyes that were a reflection of one's own thoughts. Until there came a stifling, torrential middle watch, when only the sluicing crash of the rain was audible.

"Stand by your starboard braces!" came a hail from aft. "South-east trade coming away—lay back my hearties!" from the watch officer, in a tone entirely different from the usual hectoring threat. The time of the doldrums was past.

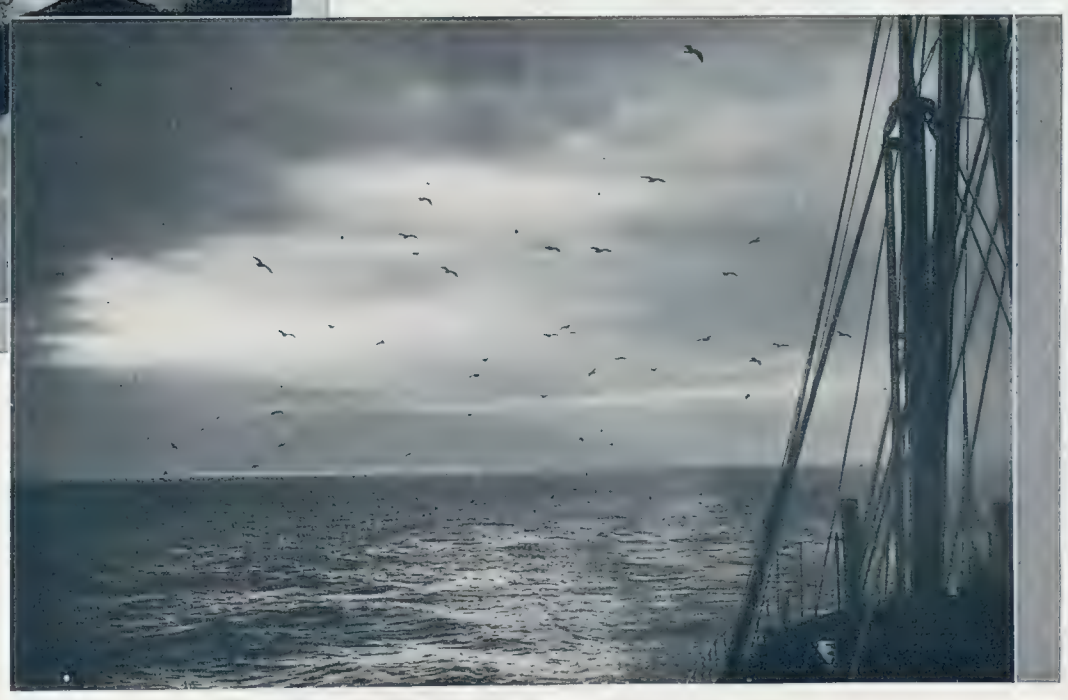
A clipper ship: "Westward Ho!" (built by Donald McKay) being painted (unusually) from the weather side

THE MAGIC LIGHT OF EVENING: The quality of the atmosphere above Loch Maree, Rossshire, has in it a clarity and a beauty peculiar to itself

The darkling Beauty *of the* Winter Sky

SUNSET ON THE OUSE: A placid moment when the sun edges the sombre clouds with gold

THE SEA IN THE SKY: Cumulus clouds in waves of fleecy white lying between the ridgy peaks of the Californian mountains



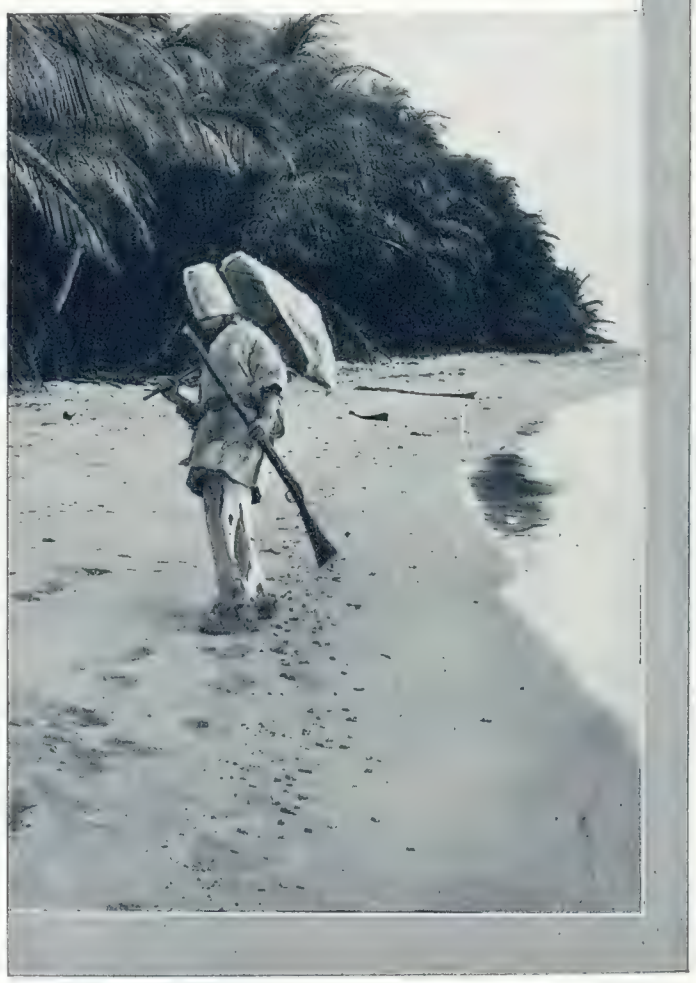
On right—WHEN THE WIND GOES DOWN WITH THE SUN: After the storm of the day oft comes a quiet sunset

AS IN THE MASTERPIECE OF DEFOE: Mr. Richard Halliburton, the distinguished author and traveller, whose passion for unusual experiences has lately manifested itself in living on Tobago, Robinson Crusoe's Island, under the same conditions as that hero of boyhood legend. Mr. Halliburton is seen above in goat skins with his man "Toosday" and other members of his household in the cave where he lived for a month

On left—BOAT-BUILDING: Mr. Crusoe Halliburton and his man "Toosday"—as the modern Crusoe met him on a Tuesday—hollow out a tree trunk

Mr. Richard Halliburton, who styles himself the American Beverley Nichols, is a gay young adventurous Southerner. Educated at Lawrenceville and Princeton, he has, since he left the University, travelled widely, chiefly re-enacting famous epics of the past. He followed Leander and Byron in swimming the Hellespont and wandered over the fields of Troy. He recently made a trip to Devil's Island, the French penal settlement off Guiana, and subsequently installed himself on Tobago Island, where Defoe's hero underwent his ordeal. Alexandra Selkirk, the real life original of Robinson Crusoe, was, of course, marooned at his own request on Juan Fernandez. Mr. Halliburton lived exactly in accord with the conditions of Defoe's tale

On right—
A THRILL RE-ENACTED: Mr. Halliburton discovers the footprints of a native who subsequently became his body-servant on Tobago Island



A MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOE ON TOBAGO ISLAND

Jonathan Hardcase writes on the DRAMA *of to-day.*

A PLENTIFUL CROP OF NEW PLAYS TO SUIT ALL TASTES—FOUR WEST-END PRODUCTIONS IN ONE WEEK!

Here We Are Again, getting into our stride for the 1930 season, and already suffering slightly from indigestion. Four new plays within three days . . .

Let me give a brief summary:

(i) *The White Assegai* at the Playhouse.—Out in the wide blue veldt; strong, silent hero; White Man's Burden; the honour of the Mackenzies. . . .

(ii) *The Way Out* at the Comedy.—Thick-ear stuff; thin-skinned wastrels; more strength and silence; the honour of the dear old regiment. . . .

(iii) *The Man in Possession* at the Ambassadors·—Modern, witty, smart, brilliant—and all the rest of the now-so-fashionable terminology . . . and, definitely, no honour. . . .

(iv) *Darling, I Love You*, at the Gaiety.—Farcical-musical-comedy of the 1926 type—more comic than musical, more farcical than funny . . . and all honour to the late-lamented George Edwardes. . . .

. . . And the weakest of these is (i).

* * *

To begin with, it seems a little odd that Sir Barry Jackson should have presented this play and that Mr. H. K. Ayliff should have produced it; both have achieved reputations in quite different fields of theatrical endeavour. Secondly, Central Africa is *so* remote . . . and a sympathetic *locale* (if one may so express it) *does* count for quite a lot. Lastly, strong, silent men may be fascinating in real life—(I don't admit that they all are necessarily)—on the stage they are just irritating.

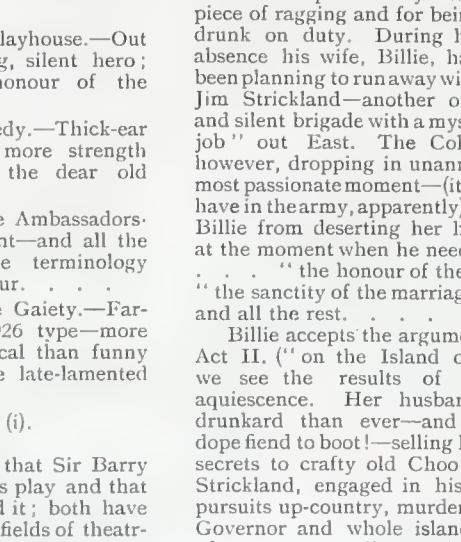
The White Assegai has a slow opening, a slower development, and (with the possible exception of *Tristan and Isolde*) the slowest death scene within living memory. It tells of one Hardress Mackenzie, Native Commissioner for the M'soi Territory, who must have been worth his not-inconsiderable weight in gold to the Great White King, for he has absolute charge of 150,000 natives who regard him with godlike reverence. Unfortunately he has a wife. And *her* mind just can't concentrate on the lovely veldt and the lovely M'soi; she wants Ascot and tea-parties and week-ends and flirtations. . . . Strong as he is with the natives, with his wife Hardress' "bowels become as water," as the Paramount Chief of the M'soi delicately puts it.

And that is the end of Hardress. . . . The M'soi become restless at the thought of the imminent departure of their dear Commissioner, trouble brews, and Mackenzie is hit by a poisoned assegai.

That is about all there is of story. Of course there are other incidents—a white woman almost assaulted by a native, pastoral interludes between an English subaltern and a young English nursing sister, a demonstration by Mr. Ernest Thesiger of the Virtues of Intemperance. . . . And a not-quite-so-bad second Act which shows a real bit of the Old Kent Road transplanted to the heart of the blue veldt.

The cast struggled manfully with their difficult task. Apart from Mr. Tearle in the rôle of Mackenzie, there were: Mr. Ernest Thesiger, making pretty play with an accent which seemed a compound of Oxford, Pairrth, and the Savoy Grill; Miss Marianne Caldwell, who tried hard to put over a Boer accent. (Her part was materially cut on the second night, I learn. Had it been cut before the *first* night a distressing epidemic of coughing in the theatre might not have been so pronounced!) Mr. Harry Wilcoxon, who made the veldt resound with the click of spurs every time he saluted Mr. Tearle or the ladies; and Mr. Norman Claridge and Miss Phyllis Shand as Giles, Cockney stationmaster at M'soi, and his newly-married wife—both excellent characterisations excellently carried out.

It was a kind thought of the producer to allow certain of the M'soi to make up as a cross between Christy Minstrels and golliwogs over which a too-affectionate child has slobbered.



SEDUCTION: The Oxford man, ex-convict, ex-bailiff's man, ex-butler (Mr. Raymond Massey) in a passionate seduction scene with the *demi-mondaine*, Crystal Wetherby (Miss Isabel Jeans)

* *

In the Army they have a saying in connection with marriage that—

a subaltern mustn't,
a captain may,
a major should, and
a colonel must.

. . . And that is how all the trouble in *The Way Out* began. Because Tony Cartwright, although only a subaltern, *had* married—and a very pretty, personable woman, too. And he was weak, and a drunkard, and a waster, and a practical joker; so much so that he was ordered back to his regiment whilst on a course at Hythe to face a court-martial for a particularly nasty piece of ragging and for being drunk on duty. During his absence his wife, Billie, had been planning to run away with Jim Strickland—another of the strong and silent brigade with a mysterious "big job" out East. The Colonel's wife, however, dropping in unannounced at a most passionate moment—(it's a way they have in the army, apparently)—dissuaded Billie from deserting her husband just at the moment when he needed her most . . . "the honour of the regiment," "the sanctity of the marriage contract," and all the rest. . . .

Billie accepts the arguments; and in Act II. ("on the Island of Tonsan") we see the results of her foolish aquiescence. Her husband, a worse drunkard than ever—and a hopeless dope fiend to boot!—selling his country's secrets to crafty old Choo Lung; Jim Strickland, engaged in his mysterious pursuits up-country, murdered; and the Governor and whole island trembling on the verge of . . . well, something decidedly unpleasant.

But, after all, Jim Strickland *is* the hero! And sure enough, before long he returns—un-murdered, but heavily disguised as a coolie—begging a night's shelter in the Cartwrights' bungalow so that he may finish his "job." The inevitable happens; Cartwright returns unexpectedly (he is supposed to have gone off for three or four days' *shikar*); discovers the hateful presence; delivers Jim (with a few more State secrets as make-weight) over to the pleasant Choo Lung; and then sits tight . . . oblivious still of the fact that Jim is *still* the hero.

Act III. opens in Choo Lung's ——

But why go on? You know the rest. Jim Strickland *is* saved—and by Billie; Cartwright and Choo Lung are both killed. And those who remain live happily ever after.

Nevertheless, despite this bald presentation of plot, *The Way Out* is distinctly good. I for one really enjoyed whole passages of it; not "high-brow," perhaps, but good entertainment.

Mr. Ian Hunter and Miss Beatrix Thomson as Jim Strickland and Billie Cartwright were ably assisted by Mr. C. V. France and Mr. Edgar Norfolk as Choo Lung and Tony Cartwright. The last-named was brilliant in the part of the drunken dope-fiend.

* * *

Mr. H. M. Harwood's new play at the Ambassadors is a certain success. It has all the qualities which the "West End" demands of a comedy—light and frothy and sparkling, impossible situations deftly carried off, brilliant acting, brilliant production . . . and a first-class seduction scene. Which all goes to show, once again, that on the stage it is the "touch" which counts. Mr. Harwood certainly knows how to write a witty play, how to bring people "on" and lead them "off," how to hold the interest every minute of the play's all-too-brief duration. . . . And Mr. Raymond Massey is undoubtedly one of *the* producers of the moment. *The Man in Possession* may not be great art, but it most emphatically is delicious comedy.

THE STRONG SILENT MAN AND THE M'SOI: Mr. Godfree Tearle as Hardress Mackenzie has a quiet little chat with Machado, Chief Paramount of the Golliwogs . . . Sorry!—the M'soi

The opening scene in Highgate shows the return of Raymond Dabney (Dulwich and Oxford) from prison, where he has been sojourning as the result of "doing commerce on too small a scale"—in this case the re-sale of a motor-car before the necessary formalities connected with its purchase had been completed.

His pompous father and aspiring brother wish to consign him to the Colonies, but Raymond has other views. In the second Act these are divulged, when he turns up in Park Street, Mayfair, in his new job—a bailiff's understudy.

The unfortunate debtor is Mrs. Crystal Wetherby, a lady of undoubted charm and of the type politely known as *demi-mondaine*. Very soon the broker's man is on terms of the pleasantest familiarity with his debtor; and to help her keep up appearances he dons butler's uniform and announces her dinner guests. Curiously, these are his own brother, father, and mother! Because brother Paul, under the delusion that Mrs. Wetherby is wealthy, desires to marry her after (very properly) testing his parents' reactions.

Mrs. Wetherby, it might be mentioned, has a similar delusion concerning the state of Paul's finances. The obliging broker's man is able to acquaint them both with the true facts. Paul retires from the scene hurt—very hurt in fact when it dawns on him that Crystal still has his indiscreet letters. . . . Then follows the most daring seduction scene since *Fata Morgana*. . . . And to be decent after *such* a scene, there is only one conclusion—for Raymond and Mrs. Wetherby to marry, and as soon as possible. Here Paul proves useful: the sum he pays his brother—the man now, most definitely, "in possession!"—for the return of his letters is more than sufficient to give Raymond and Crystal their much-needed start afresh.

It is almost invidious to discriminate between the various members of the cast; to Mr. Massey (the producer, who also plays the part of Raymond) and Miss Isabel Jeans fall most of the work—and Mr. Harwood could not have wished for two more brilliant performers. Miss Alex Frizell, Mr. Paul Gill and Mr. Walter Piers, as mother, father, and brother, are also excellent—as indeed are the whole company. What more can one say?

As a curtain-raiser, Eugene O'Neill's seafaring playlet, *In the Zone*, was presented (also produced by Mr. Massey). I have never cared over-much for Mr. O'Neill's plays; they are *so* true to life that one legitimately yearns for a touch of drama, of "theatricality" . . .

* * *

I have heard it said that *Darling, I Love You*, is not "West End." Probably. That it will not draw the stalls. Probably. That it failed to impress Manchester. Probably. That Mr. George Clarke is only a "silly ass" comedian. Probably.

I liked it immensely.

But then I was not able to get to the first night; I went on the third evening, when the professional playgoers were happily absent.

Those first-night audiences! . . .

Mr. George Clarke, with only slight assistance from Miss Vera Lennox, Mr. Neil McKay, Mr. Harold French and the rest, practically carries the show on his own shoulders—a veritable *tour de force*. The play is certainly worth seeing, if only for Mr. Clarke's wonderful demonstration with a baby Austin, and for his remarkable "conducting" of a Rhapsody of which he is supposed to be the composer.

* * *

And now—on to the next batch of plays. I believe that, at the moment, there is still one evening out of the six not yet booked for a new production this week. A highly reprehensible lapse on somebody's part!

J. H.

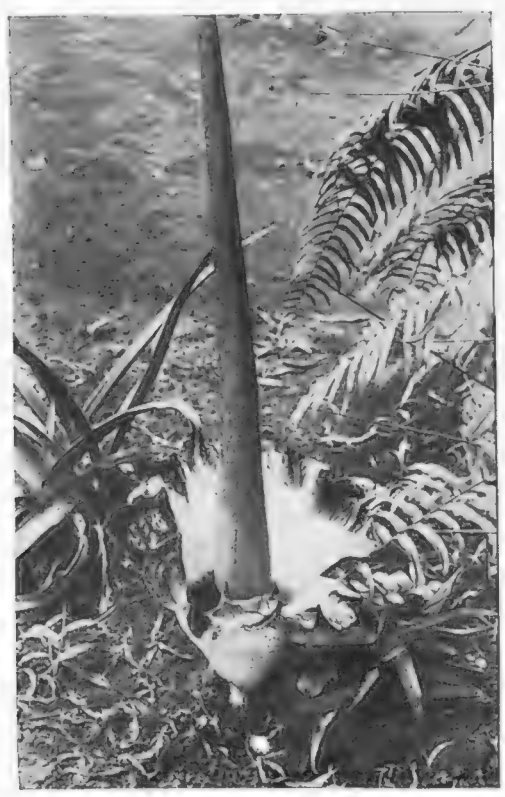
Giant
on Volc

The Islands in the
Offer the Nature
Field, for Rare
Kinds are Alre
New Species
Evo

PRINCE'S ISLAND AND THE JOCKEY'S CAP; There are four main islands in the Guinea Islands group—Fernando Po, Prince's Island, St. Thomas, and Annabon. They are volcanic and probably formed a peninsula jutting out from the Cameroons. Their appearance was probably contemporary with St. Helena. The only volcanic activity still extant lies in the Thermal Springs on Fernando Po

BLACK AND WHITE: The Pico Negre—the shell of an old crater of an extinct volcano on Prince's Island. The broken-up peninsula which forms the islands offers the isolation essential to the formation of a new species

FASCINATION TO THE MOUNTAINEER: One of the curious pinnacles of rock which make Prince's Island a paradise to the climber. The islands lie facing the mouth of the Niger



On left— PARALLELED ONLY IN SUMATRA: A giant aroid from Fernando Po. The shadix is 5 ft. high

AN ISLAND CHIEF: His skin hat is a joint sunshade and umbrella

The giant Sumatran aroid, the Amorphophallus Titanum, with its wonderful six-foot flowerspike that recently formed such an attraction to visitors at the Royal Botanical Gardens of Kew, recalls a visit I lately made to the West African island of Fernando Po, the largest of the four islands in the Gulf of Guinea. During my stay there, a native brought in from the dense forests surrounding the peak of Santa Isabel a single flower of an immense aroid similar in size and shape, though not quite in colouration, to the Sumatran species. I obtained a good photograph of the flower and on my return home showed it to the authorities at Kew who pronounced it an unknown species and, moreover, expressed their astonishment and interest in the fact that the plant should have been found on the West Coast of Africa as hitherto its habitat had been confined to Asia. One might expect to find such an aroid in Madagascar or, perhaps, Mauritius, but its occurrence right on the other side of the African continent is somewhat of an enigma to botanists.

"CRINUM NATANS": A beauty of Fernando Po

Blooms
anic Isles

Gulf of Guinea
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Blossoms of All
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ving

THE BLACK AND LAVA-GIRT COAST: This view shows St. Thomas I. Turtle Island can be seen in the distance. Between the latter and the mainland runs the Equator. Whales frequent this part of the coast although they are usually associated with colder seas. The thermal springs on the neighbouring island are so highly charged with carbon dioxide that numerous birds are asphyxiated

THE SHELL OF AN EXTINCT CRATER: One of the imposing peaks of St. Thomas. This is called Pico do Anna Chaveo. The islands have been Portuguese for the last 400 years

A PLACE OF PLEASURE TO BOTANISTS: The western shore of St. Thomas I. On this volcanic rock grows a flower which many have desired—a begonia with a scent. Poker plants, each containing half-a-pint of palatable liquid, also grow

BEGONIA BACCATA: Peculiar to St. Thomas I.

A YOUTH OF THE ISLES: A Bube youth from Fernando Po

Another noteworthy plant is the *Costus giganteus*, locally termed the "monkey cane." It grows in large clumps of fifteen-feet leaves, and one is fascinated by its enormous red-green poker-like seed spikes weighing two pounds or more, with waxy yellow orchid-like flowers protruding from their scaly butts, almost exactly resembling a butterfly at rest. These huge poker plants are veritable travellers' trees, for half-a-pint of palatable liquid can easily be drained from each spike. Prince's Island, or rather islet, for it is only seventeen miles long, is a fairyland. There could not be a more beautiful island in the world, not even in the South Seas, and this one is much easier to get to. It might well be called the Rainbow Isle, for never have I seen such wonderful rainbows as there. One could continue the list indefinitely, but as one observer has it, next to man, plants, although rooted to the ground, are the world's most eminent colonisers, draughting the winds, the waters, the birds, animals, and even man, into their schemes of dispersal."—T.A.B.

***On right*—"COSTUS GIGANTEUS": Locally termed the monkey cane, a boon to travellers**

BOOKS

We take leave, regretfully, of Mr. ARNOLD PALMER . . .

MR. ARNOLD PALMER

who in succession to the late Clement Shorter has for the past four years conducted "The Sphere's" book page with great success

briefly recommended

Australia To-day, by *Arthur J. Wilson.* **(Larby. 5s. net.)**—Which is an invaluable *vade mecum* to the traveller, and a comprehensive survey for all interested in Australia.

Pilsudski, the Hero of Poland, by *Rom Landau.* **(Jarrolds. 18s. net.)** — Which faithfully portrays the third of the great triumvirate, Mussolini, Lenin, and Pilsudski.

The Coloured Countries, by *Alec Waugh.* **(Chapman and Hall. 18s. net.)**—The first travel book by the talented author of *The Loom of Youth.* This deals largely with the Tropics.

Ju-ju and Justice in Nigeria, by *Frank Hives and Gascoigne Lumley.* **(The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net.)**—The fascinating story of the experiences of a District Commissioner when the country was in its infancy.

People of the Small Arrow, by *J. H. Driberg, illustrated by Pearl Binder.* **(Routledge. 12s. 6d. net.)** —A survey of the Sudanese tribe bordering on Abyssinia, the Didinga.

A name of the present and future, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson

The Endless Adventure, by *F. S. Oliver.* **(Macmillan. 15s. net.)**—A study of Government between the efforts of the Old and the Young Pretender. Vol. I, now published, ends with the death of George I.

Turkey and Syria Reborn, by *Harold Armstrong.* **(The Bodley Head. 15s. net.)**—The dramatic narrative of the long journey made by a delegate of the Commission of Assessment of War Damage.

Mr. JAMES LAVER makes his bow...

Introducing to our readers a new reviewer who takes for the theme of his first article

MR. JAMES LAVER

SOME RECENT WAR BOOKS

The spate of sequels, answers, imitations and other volumes stimulated by the Remarque masterpiece seems, as yet, to show no signs of abatement

The first requisite of a critic is to like books, and the second is to dislike some books rather more than others. The former of these two requisites sounds so obvious as hardly to need mentioning, but we must all have read criticisms which seemed to have been written by a man filled with an unquenchable hatred of the whole scribbling race. One can be an honest man and make bad verses, as Molière admitted long ago.

Writing even a bad book is not a crime, for most authors begin by writing several bad books, and books can at least be pulped, which is not true of architecture or commemorative sculpture. But the flood of books is so enormous and so continuous that the most avid reader cannot swallow everything. The public has a right to be warned or, to put it more nicely, well-directed praise is a genuine service to literature.

But when is praise well directed? I believe that criticism cannot be impersonal, but must always reflect the prejudices as well as the good sense of the critic. If he is honest with his readers they will soon learn to discount the prejudices and to appreciate the sense. It is a strange truth that those who talk most of Tradition are the easiest victims of Fashion. Classical perfection is a will-o'-the-wisp. There is no truth once and for all delivered to the saints, but a Progressive Revelation.

If *All Quiet on the Western Front* was not a masterpiece of fiction, it was certainly a masterpiece of timing. For ten years publishers looked upon the War novel with horror till one, bolder than the rest, ventured. The first boulder woke the echoes and started a landslide. It seemed that everybody was writing War stories. A new half-dozen lie on my desk this week.

The most famous name among them is that of Mr. H. M. Tomlinson. The writer has the quality of his previous novels, but the design is less happy. The narrator wanders vaguely in and out of the tale, an interruption rather than a connecting link, and the tropical interlude, vivid and beautiful as it is, does not help on the story at all. As an explanation, or even as an exposition of international rivalries in foreign parts it is simply inadequate, and it serves no apparent purpose in the development of any of the characters.

The story starts in 1900 and the picture of that vital period in our history—the glimpse of Chamberlain, the thumbnail sketch of the rising Alfred Harmsworth—could hardly be bettered. The War pictures, too, are convincing, although some of the gibes at the Staff could have been spared. Mr. Tomlinson is mistaken in thinking that all military manuals are now obsolete. *Field Service Regulations* is as full of sound sense as ever, even if the "struggle for superiority of fire" did last four years. But all Mr. Tomlinson writes is well worth reading.

As a book of the War, the anonymous novel, *Her Privates We*, takes a very high place indeed. The author, whoever he may be, is no novice. The ease and maturity of the style is evident on every page. The hero is a man who serves until he is killed in the ranks, refusing even to become a "lance-jack."

He is not entirely one with his fellows, or he would be inarticulate, but he seems to be able to get inside the mind of the ordinary soldier as few other writers have even tried to do. The author does not shirk the horrors of the War, but his quick sympathy has not been able to spoil the central sanity of his attitude, which is both subtle and profound.

There is a lyrical quality in his work which defies analysis, a joy in hard-won pleasures and in that camaraderie which is more than friendship because it asks so little. A noble and heartening book.

An unusual aspect of the War is treated in a novel called *Retreat*, by Charles R. Benstead. The theme is the collapse of the Fifth Army in 1918, and it gives a useful account of the confusion and agony of those terrible days. Also, it provides a map. Publishers grossly underestimate the public interest in maps, and in a war they are half the story.

But this particular tale is interwoven with the disillusionment of an Army Chaplain who finds he is simply not wanted. Too much time is taken up in emphasising the obvious truth that in war men must fall back upon the pagan virtues or perish. In the spiritual crises of the meandering cleric I was unable to take any interest whatever. The author—for I suspect he is a clergyman—has done a brave thing, but his central figure is too frail a prop for tragedy. He awakens nothing in the reader but a half-pitying contempt.

Medal Without Bar, by Richard Blaker, sets out to tell the plain tale of a solicitor in the 'thirties who serves during the War as a gunner. Perhaps the tale is a little too plain; it is certainly much too long. More than six hundred pages of print are occupied by a narrative which, however competently and pleasantly told, seems to have no climax, no peaks of emotion even.

A decent, friendly man does his job well in the battery, and one feels would do it equally well in the office or on the golf course. It was such men, perhaps, who won the War, but their orderly doings and their unexciting conversation do not make a very interesting novel. It is what happens inside a man that matters, and nothing whatever happens inside the hero of this book.

It's a Great War is a novel by Mrs. Mary Lee, a young American journalist who spent two years in France as a civilian employee of the United States Army, first with a base hospital unit in Bordeaux, then with the Air Service in Paris, and finally as a Y.M.C.A. canteen worker. It has won a prize in America, and is written in that—to me—irritating American style where every short paragraph is separated from the next by three high-explosive stars, and every sentence from its fellow by a burst of machine-gun fire. . . .

It is good journalism, especially in its pictures of French family life in Paris during the last German advance, but it hardly pretends to be a novel. It reveals a curious personality in the writer—likeable, but, oh! so old-maidish and straight-laced under its superficial enlightenment. She has come to admit that it is inevitable that men and women should embrace, but when they do she can hardly repress a shudder. "Ugh! . . ."

With Michael Collins, by Bath O'Connor, is not a novel, and deals with a different war. It is a simple and straightforward account of a remarkable man. Of course, it is not free from prejudice—what book on such a theme could be? What is murder on one side is "elimination" on the other. But it throws a valuable light on a confused and difficult period of the history of these islands, and should find a permanent place beside Darrell Figgis.

And now we have heard British, French, German, and Italian soldiers, Irish gunmen and American canteen workers on the Great War. It only remains for the Chinese Labour Corps to give us its views and then we can have books about something else.

IN HONOUR OF A PROVENCAL POET: The crowd in Barjols in the Department of Var, for the Centenary Celebrations of Mistral. The young men fired off blank cartridges with Gallic abandon, making the quiet old town take on quite a Moorish character

SOUNDING BRASS: Hunting horn experts of the Circle Damfriere Federation celebrate on the steps of the Madeleine. Successfully to play their characteristic instruments takes a deal of skill

On left: FIFE AND DRUM: A portion of the band which assembled in Barjols to do honour to the great nineteenth century Provençal poet, Frédéric Mistral

ON WITH THE DANCE: Two of the Provençal *paysannes* footing it merrily in the market-place before the roasting of the Mithraic ox in the open air

On right: THE LIGHT FANTASTIC: Provencal types in their traditional dress, footing their traditional measures—one of the Centenary celebrations

Provence, once the home of the Troubadours, fell from its high estate as an artistic centre until the middle of the nineteenth century, when Frédéric Mistral, son of a peasant, turned to literature, having failed in the arts of the soil. His rustic epic *Mirèio* gave wide recognition to the movement for reviving the language and literature of Langue d'oc. The Renaissance he evolved he sustained by *Calendau, Lis Isclo d'Or* and many other works. He won half the Nobel Prize for literature in 1904, and purchased therewith a palace in Arles to house the Fébibrean Museum. Born in 1830, he died in 1914.

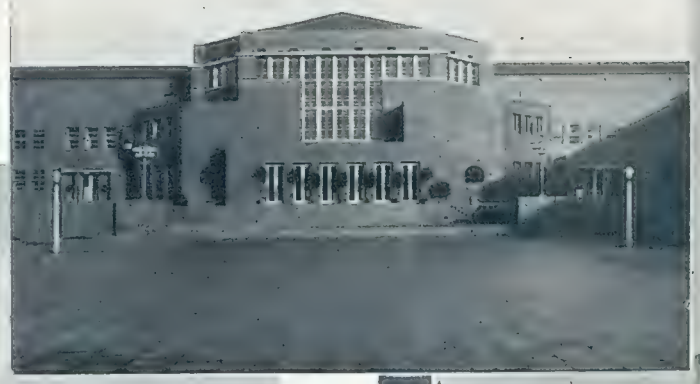
A RELIC OF MITHRAS: The roasting of an entire white ox formed part of the celebrations in honour of the Centennial of Frédéric Mistral—a tradition recalled from the Zoroastrianism which spread so widely over the Roman Empire in the second and third centuries A.D. Provence has ever been a soil sympathetic to Eastern religions treated by the Latin Church as heresies. The troubadours lapsed into Manchuism, known as Albigensianism, and were suppressed with ruthless severity

HONOUR TO THE EPIC POET OF PROVENCE

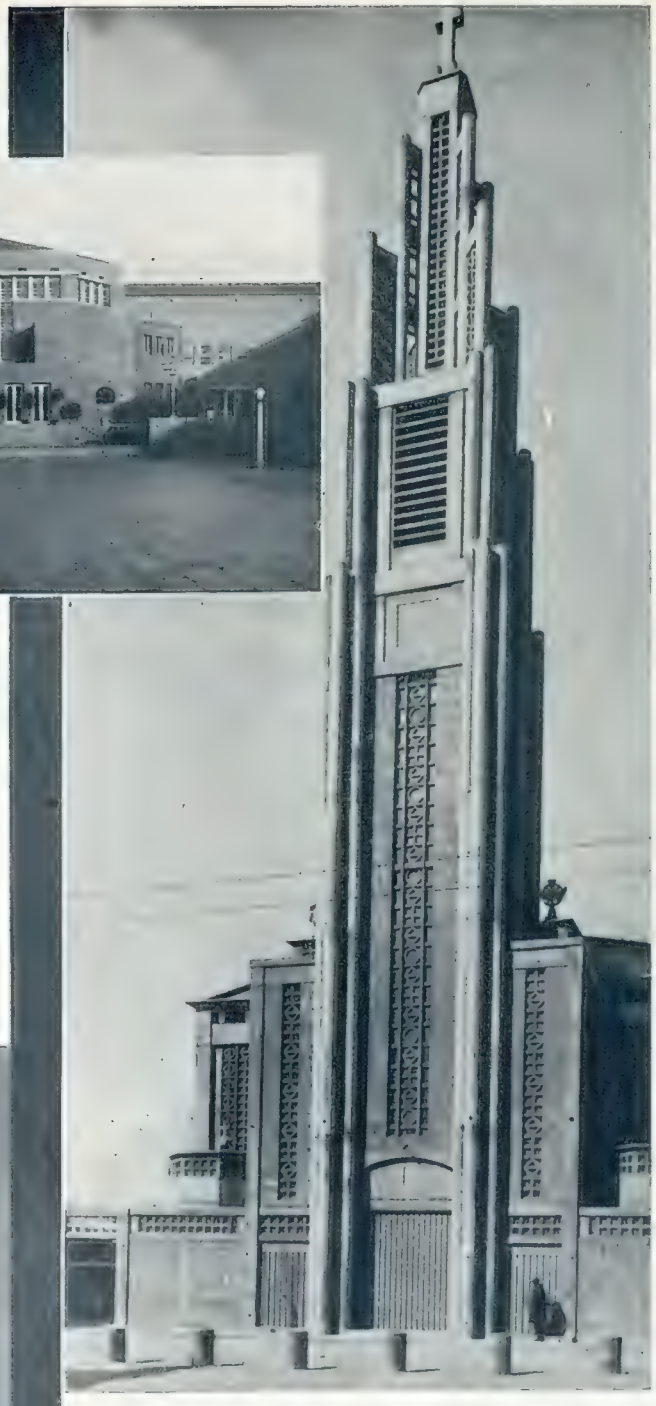
Modern Architecture.

Steel, Glass, and Cement are Rapidly Usurping the Pride of Place held so Long by Stone

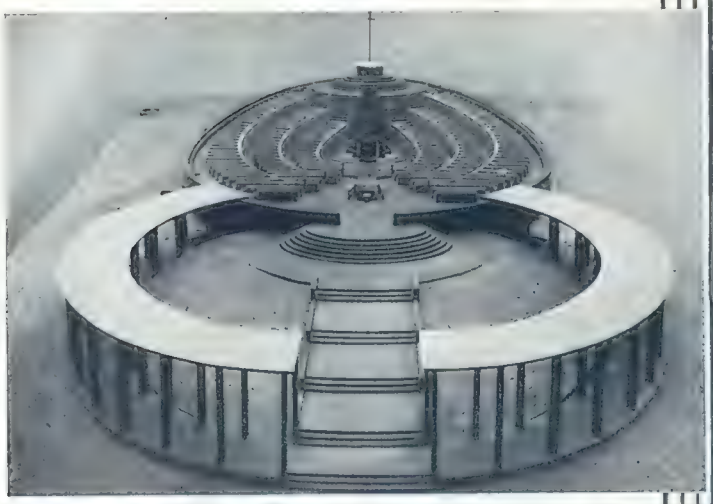
On right—COMMEMORATING GERMANY'S FIRST PRESIDENT: The Friedrich Ebert Hall at Harburg-Friedrichsburg, near Hamburg



PRICE FOUR MILLION STERLING PLUS: The colossal new Civic Opera House of Chicago, the most amazing structure of its kind in the world



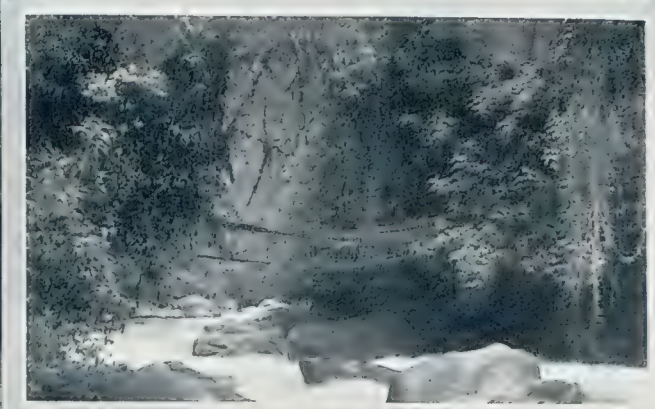
ENTIRELY IN CEMENT: Notre Dame at Raincy, designed by Auguste Perret, built on the modern formula. It is the first church in France to be constructed entirely in cement



STEEL AND GLASS: The interior of the model of a church projected by Herr Grund, Frau Cooster, and Pastor Girkon

On right—THE MUTABLE STAIRCASE: The *escalier* in the Theatre Pigalle, Montmartre. Trick-lighting makes the woodwork constantly change colour

A SUSPENSION BRIDGE OF TUBULAR CANE: The 800-ft. bridge over the Dihang River on the Assam Frontier



THE CREEPER BRIDGE: This primitive suspension crosses the headwaters of the Irrawaddy

SPANNING THE MEKONG: The elaborate chain suspension bridge in Yunnan, West China

F. KINGDON WARD

describes

The Jungle BRIDGE of SIGHS.

The Arch, the Cantilever, and the Suspension are Unknown in the Wilds of the East, but Native Ingenuity Overcomes such Difficulties of Ignorance with Canes and Creepers

One of the first obstacles early man must have met with in the course of his wanderings was a river too deep to swim. That he was not daunted is obvious. In the words of the old song:

"Oh! I came to a river and I couldn't get across,
Singing polly-wolly doodle all de day!
So I jumped upon a nigger for I thought he was a horse,
Singing polly-wolly doodle all de day!"

But man's first instinct was probably to swim across; niggers resembling horses were not common in Asia in those days. Later he made himself a raft, or hollowed out a tree trunk with fire into the form of a boat. Finally he built a bridge.

That was a real advance, and came much later; for a bridge of any sort implied a permanent crossing place, and that in turn implied permanent settlements.

We are accustomed to regard most of the tribes of the Indian frontier as uncivilised; but at least they are civilised enough to build bridges. Some of them are no mean craftsmen. It requires both skill and ingenuity to bridge a big river. Engineers will tell you that there are three main types of bridge, dependent on the arch, the cantilever, and the suspension arrangement. To these the jungle men have added a fourth, much more simple than any of the others, namely the monkey rope bridge; an appropriate name as will presently be seen.

In the jungle bridges are built of the materials nearest to hand. Bamboos, which are giant grasses, are of many different kinds, but only one or two kinds are suitable for making the monkey rope bridges. These are made of twisted strands of bamboo, plaited together to form an ordinary rope, not much thicker than a skipping rope, which is fastened to trees or stakes on either bank. In the jungle only one rope is used, which is pulled as taut as possible, and a cane ring, large enough for a man to sit in, is twisted round the rope. To cross the river by monkey bridge, all you have to do is to sit—or lie—in the ring beneath the rope, and with your arms haul yourself across.

The Tibetan tribes, however, who have adapted this method to their own requirements, have a much better plan. In Tibet the banks of the rivers are high and steep; and by fastening the rope to a post high up on one bank, and low down on the other, a permanent slant is given to it. Thus all you have to do is to slide passively down the rope. The Tibetans have invented a special slider, a block of wood with a groove cut in one side of it, which runs on top of the rope. The passenger is supported beneath by two leather thongs. Two ropes are required, one for travelling in each direction.

BUILT OF FIBRE: The astounding bridge over the Chikalaw River in the Abkyang Valley.

A HUMAN SPIDER'S WEB: This picture shows the vista looking through the tubular cane bridge over the Dihang River in the Abor Hills

Never shall I forget the blue funk I was in when I first stood on the platform of a rope bridge in Tibet, preparing to slide across; yet it would not do to show the white feather in front of my men. So I allowed myself to be tied up, feeling all the while like a man being pinioned before going to the scaffold. Experts did the work quickly and neatly, for the knots are complicated. All was ready, the word was given, someone gave me a push and at the same time abjured me not to let my hands touch the rope. The ground went from under my feet as though the bolt had been pulled, and I swung off into space, slipping smoothly down the rope which had been well greased with butter, "the best butter." However, after the first ordeal, I enjoyed these trips; one had such a glorious view of the river as one hung over the rapids.

The monkey rope bridges of the Mishmi Hills were much worse. I used to get the Mishmis to pull me across by means of a life-line fixed to the ring; I was much too scared to haul myself.

Hardly less terrifying are the cane-hammock bridges. The cane or rattan is really a climbing palm, common in the hill jungle. The stems, which are no thicker than a walking stick, grow to immense lengths, sometimes as much as 600 ft. The bridge is of the suspension variety, and is really a sort of hammock, its ends being bound round trees on each bank. The three cables, one to walk on, and two hand-rails, are each composed of three canes; and split cane is used to link all three together.

The highest development of the cane suspension bridge is seen on the Assam Frontier where the fierce Abors dwell. The Abor tubular cane bridge which spans the mysterious Dihang, is nearly 800 feet long, its centre being 50 feet above the river. The main cables are anchored to trees and staging high up on either bank. It took 200 men a month to build this bridge. If we reckon their pay at 12 annas a day, the total cost would be 4,000 rupees, about £300, without reckoning anything for the cane! Of course, the labour was supplied free by the interested villages on each bank, so that actually no money changed hands.

I walked to the centre of this bridge with my heart in my mouth and my boots round my neck; but there was such a gale rushing through the gorge that the centre part of the bridge was blown almost on to its side and writhing like an injured snake. It made me so giddy I could go no farther.

For small rivers, especially in parts of Tibet where timber is plentiful, but where it is too cold for canes or large bamboos to grow, the cantilever principle is commonly employed in bridge building. These bridges too, being necessarily close to the water, are sometimes carried away by the floods.

Why Everybody Saw the RUSSIANS in 1914

The wish was father to the thought, and Intelligence believed that an encouragement of this rumour would create a much needed diversion

By Ferdinand TUOHY

More than fifteen years after the event, various lame-duck attempts are being made to clear up what was perhaps the greatest mystery of the War, namely how the whole kingdom came to be quite positive, at the end of September, and commencement of October, 1914, that Russian troops were passing through England in trainloads on the way to the Western Front.

The rumour started because it would have been a jolly good thing if we could have got some of those millions of Russians off the fabulous "Steam-roller" and across to France via Archangel-Scotland, in order to give hard-pressed Joffre and French a breather. Wish, father to the rumour. The thing was practical politics, and was debated in Whitehall as such. It was known that the Germans were about to make a crashing bid for the Channel ports and that the Allies would have to thin out their line to meet the onslaught. In fact, the race to the sea was on the point of beginning. Could some of Russia's limitless reserves be transported hastily to the West?

The circumstances of such a happening being even as much as touched upon as a possibility, in Whitehall, swiftly had its obvious sequel. Clubland and Repington's Belgravia got vague wind of things, and from that to *the Russians are coming, the Russians have come*, was but the merest stride in conversation, as things went in those days. Gradually well-informed London began to gushper (a blend of gush and whisper then common) the tidings.

It is hereabouts that the fabled episode of the King's map (on which various "R's" were believed to designate Russians, but really indicating Reserves) rightly fits in. This map was kept up by a certain captain at six o'clock each evening. There is no harm in saying now that at one time—when all the hidden-hand business was at its height—the nightly alterations, so very secret, were not made without certain misgivings. His Majesty received continuously in audience . . . and there hung that map.

Immediately the point was submitted the secret order of battle was covered over, but for some time early on it was exposed and few things were less unlikely than that some imaginative subject already primed in the Russian rumour should hare off from the Palace and fan this myth in hall-marked manner by confiding that he had "seen it on the King's map." At all events these last six words were soon being passed on left and right, and it can easily be imagined how the rumour gained in positiveness as a result of such confirmation—so much so, in fact, that intelligence was in due course induced leisurely to prick up its ears.

Really! What utter buncombe! Still . . . might not some use be made of this odd hallucination? Before now, in past campaigns, special rumours had had to be painstakingly worked out and put in circulation with a view to bamboozling the enemy. Here was one all ready-made. Certain people even went into the matter rather penetratingly.

Just why? What object should they have in view?

For answer, one requires to visualise the position as it then stood. The loss of *Aboukir, Hogue*, and *Crecy*, had distinctly rumpled matters. Casualties at Mons and on the Aisne had drained things pretty low, and there was an invasion scare on the East Coast. And we were on the brink of hanging on by our eyelids at Ypres and knew that something of the kind lay in immediate store. Anything in the way of a diversion might be calculated to relieve things. Fisher was even for going the length of landing in the Baltic, thereby hoping to puzzle the Oberherresleitung and to draw the High Canal Fleet.

But . . . wait a second . . . mightn't this dual effect be achieved by something far less risky? How about pushing this idiotic Russki rumour for all it was worth? Plant it so firmly in the credulity of all classes that echo of it would duly get across to the Germans who might possibly be taken in by it and proceed to take fresh dispositions on a false premiss and at a highly critical juncture? At all events it was well worth trying. Consider the four purposes which might be served:

(a) If Russian divisions were being disembarked in Scotland they were clearly being convoyed and protected across the North Sea by a portion of the Grand Fleet—that is, the latter had a good deal of its attention temporarily deflected to northern waters. A good moment, in fact, for von Scheer to come out. When—if he bit—the chances were that he would get it good and strong from an undivided Grand Fleet ready to pounce.

(b) Militarily, what we wanted above all else in France just then was a breathing spell, time to organise such reserves as we possessed. Jerry, who had got the start and interior lines in the race to the sea, might be calculated to go more gingerly, to economise his striking strength, if he was in two minds as to whether Russians were landing in our sub-port.

(c) Ludendorff, currently carrying all before him round Lodz, might be lured on into the wintry plain (a Grande Armée complex was then rife) if Germany believed that Russia was being depleted in favour of the West.

(d) The public on the home front, its morale then none too high, would be bucked up by the vision of Russians streaming to the rescue.

Yes, decidedly, if only on the principle that it was always well to bamboozle the enemy if one could, this rumour should be seriously taken up!

Now rumours, as operations developed, became quite a branch in itself. Compton Mackenzie tells delightfully of a rumour he had to spread on Lesbos. The Navy's later defence against U-boats was linked in no small degree with the putting about of false rumours. So did the B.E.F. take the pastime up towards the end. Behind where we intended attacking, juicy, minutely-cooked rumours were circulated for the benefit of enemy ears among the civil population. Yet all that came later. In October of the first year, O.C. Rumours was still at school, as it were. Yet he put up a good show with this Russki yarn—he and the one or two very few others admitted into the scheme.

Method was straightforward. By nods and glances and hushes the select band of well-informed ones—by their very jobs right in on the inside of events—discreetly fostered the rumour and helped it along its way. They even made a point of meeting socially certain pivotal hostesses and men-about-town (vile term "pivotal," but so *very* expressive) and stumbled over actual details of the great secret ("but you give me your solemn word not to breathe a syllable!") in the hope, in the certitude, that the ones thus chosen would go straight out and indulge the chronic vanity-bubble of that epoch.

"But I heard it from Commander Blank of the Admiralty, dear!"

For, of course, in order to get such a strategical rumour fairly going, it simply had to emanate from the rarer social stratum; snobbery, in the way of passing it on, did the rest. There was so much more difference—and accuracy—in hearing a thing from the Countess of so-and-so than from mere Mrs. Snooks. But Mrs. Snooks eventually did her bit too.

All England did; took it in; the secret movement of troops by night conspicuously reinforcing the popular dementia. Have we forgotten the battalion of Scotties in their queer bonnets, who on being asked whence they came, answered "Rossshire," Russia? And the various Tarzan noises other units used to make from the railway darkness on their being asked if they were Russians? Why, even kit played its rôle. Fleet Street has not forgotten the correspondent of a London newspaper who described in two columns the landing in dark and rain of a Russian division at Ostend (he had mistaken Winston's brigade in their reach-me-downs). Yes, most of us gave a willing hand to that rumour.

But, alackaday, it did not come off.

Jerry was not taken in. Directly the Krieg Amt in Berlin began to collect agents' reports, telling of Russians being seen in trains all over England, it set things in motion and got in touch with its star artists at Petrograd, to receive from *tout-à-fait en haut* or straight from the horse's mouth, a categorical denial of the whole story.

"Madonna and Child" by Francesco Francia, a notable painter of Bologna in the late XV and early XVI centuries

A Monumental BOOK about Italian Art

The revelation not only of the methods of work but of the methods of life of the Old Masters

The Italian Art Exhibition, which is now breaking records at Burlington House, has created a new interest in works of literature dealing with the Italian Masters. Already several monographs on the various schools have made their appearance, but by far the most important of all these works is the re-issue of the celebrated thesis on the Italian painters which was originally written by Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

This work was originally published in the 'sixties, but the edition is out of print and can only be obtained with considerable difficulty. Mr. Edward Hutton, several years before the War, revised the original version of this monumental effort—which is regarded as the chief authority on Italian art—and that revision is now available to the general public in three handsomely illustrated volumes. (Dent. Four guineas. *A New History of Painting in Italy from the Second to the Sixteenth Century*, by Crowe and Cavalcaselle. Edited by Edward Hutton.)

Italian art must for ever remain one of the wonders of the world. No other people in the course of such a brief space of time created so much that was new and fine. Altogether apart from the ninety first-rate masters who painted, there was an equal number of men who built churches and palaces, men who moulded in bronze and carved in marble; men who invented new arts of glass-blowing and the making of majolica; men who designed fabrics and who wrought in steel. The history of painting in Italy is only the most familiar of the many arts which went to make old-time Italy famous throughout the world.

But in the history of painting by Crowe and Cavascaselle we are given a true picture of contemporary Italy and an insight into the methods which the great Masters employed. It was not enough to be a painter, It was necessary to be a sculptor and an architect, a designer and a fashioner in glass. The extraordinary versatility of Michelangelo and Leonardo was not regarded as exceptional in those days. After all, if Brunellesco had won the prize for his design for the gates of the Baptistery in Florence, he might well have become one of the world's great sculptors. In the same way if Ghiberti, the successful candidate, had not been given the palm, he would probably have become a great architect.

This monumental work of Crowe and Cavalcaselle illustrates how the lives of the artists were linked together. In those days art fed art. There were rivalries but very healthy rivalries. A rebuff here meant a success there. An architect who failed became a sculptor the following day. It was a spirit of artistic inspiration which had never been before or since.

We rely on our knowledge of the intimate lives of the Italian artists on the work of Vasari. Vasari was filled with the somewhat extravagant spirit of the age and at times he allowed his pen to run away with his facts. Most of his legends have been exploded, as for instance the story of the release from captivity by the Moors of Fra Filippo Lippi, but the student owes much to Crowe and Cavalcaselle for the true facts. These two students spent many years in exploring documents and data to which Vasari had no access, with the result that they were able to produce a work which was essential to any scholar desirous of pursuing a serious study of Italian art movements. But they published their book away back in the 'sixties. Since then, Mr. Edward Hutton, whose knowledge of Italy and things Italian is extraordinary, has explored more documents and made himself acquainted with works of art which the troubled state of Italy in the last century made unavailable, with the result that the new issue is even more valuable than the original. Moreover these three new volumes are beautifully illustrated—a feature which the ordinary processes of printing in the Victorian era did not permit.

—NORMAN HILL.

THRONED on her THOUSAND ISLES, the QUEEN of the ADRIATIC.

The Recent Developments in Venice Designed to Prevent it from being Modernised out of all Recognition

A VENICE FEW OF US KNOW: The picturesqueness of the city depends upon this area near the railway bridge, for it enables the old town to be preserved in its quondam antiquity

THE NEW AND HIDDEN VENICE: The island—one of the "thousand isles"—where the petroleum deposits are situated. This picture gives one some idea of the swamp on which the original city was built. Inset above is a new canal with solid walls which has just been completed in the new industrial zone, built with great difficulty on land reclaimed from the encroachments of the sea. The vigorous hand of Mussolini is apparent in maintaining the "serenity that was Venice"

The Dance *goes* ON

IN MEMORY OF ISADORA DUNCAN: Pupils in a school founded to commemorate the famous Terpsichorean which carries on the traditions she created during her lifetime

MODERN GERMANY IN THE GUISE OF ANCIENT GREECE: Pupils of the Gymnastikschule Medan poised in an Attic dance

FUTURE STARS OF THE OPERA: At this Academy every girl with real talent is marked down by examination for ultimate stardom

YOUTH IS THE TIME TO LEARN: Pupils at the famous Scala School, Milan, probably the most famous academy of its type in the world, "break" for lunch. The pupils dance for three hours a day, the remainder being devoted to more usual items of school curriculum

"I LIFT UP MY —" FOOT! Modern dancing is not always walking round a room with a partner in time to a band!

On right—*CURING PAIN BY RHYTHM: Pupils of the Bredow School, Berlin, are cured of many ailments by physical training allotted to them according to their disease. Nervous paralysis, stomachic disorders, and heart trouble are successfully treated at this institution*

The WORLD of WOMEN

Edited by DIANA BOURBON

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

editorial

FOOD . . . glorious food!

A defence of epicureanism and a wholesome correction to those who think that exquisite meals are a waste of time

How I dislike the people who tell you, "Oh, don't bother about me; I don't mind *what* I eat. *Honestly!*" Fancy being so unintelligent as to be really indifferent to FOOD! Upon occasion I suppose, most of us—faced with a sink full of dishes and the temporary absence of the household staff—have basely and treacherously yearned over the idea of tabloid eating. But I hope that we would really hate it. I myself am a disciple of the Talleyrand who is supposed to have retorted to an accusation of gluttony with the immortal classic, "Show me any other pleasure that renews itself with equal intensity three times every day."

Somerset Maugham showed a fine sense of appreciation as well as a knowledge of human nature when, in *Our Betters*, he made his solid *entreteneur* of a lover take back his faithless mistress *because he had never known another woman who so much enjoyed her food.* The meals they had revelled in together constituted a tangible bond between them. He thought of all those hideously unsatisfactory luncheons that, without her, he would be condemned to buying for the unappreciative type of woman, the kind who would just as lief drink red wine with a fish meal, and who never knows whether she wants her steak under- or over-done. At that thought the man's soul, such as it was, justly quailed and revolted.

"Let me," he said, "hold on to this woman of whom at least I know that she will never order Irish stew in a restaurant subsisting on its reputation for French and Italian cooking . . . nor *zabaglione* and *crêpes Suzette* at Simpson's in the Strand." For there are people who *will* do these things . . . really there are. Just as there are thousands and thousands of them who have never heard of "balancing a meal." Who order *truite au bleu* followed by partridge, and wonder why they get up feeling hungry. Or salmon and steak Béarnaise, and are surprised when there follows work for the doctor. Worse! there are even head-waiters who will do likewise in making out that monstrosity known as a table d'hôte. Only in England and America of course. Nowhere else could the fine art of eating be treated with such unwholesome contempt. But the English especially, who have in manyways the most thoroughly satisfactory cooking in the world because (at its best) the only cooking plain enough to let you taste the food you are supposed to be eating, have made a virtue to themselves out of "not really caring" what they have to eat. You may be harassed and annoyed, but a fine sole Véronique still retains its flavour. Sad—but the succulence of a juicily grilled kidney with bacon is but little impaired. Cold and exhausted—but not out of the reviving reach of hot fragrant tea and buttered crumpets. The joys of the table should never fall.—Diana Bourbon.

"brother beaver"

The Apache Indians do not value the beaver for his skin but as a race akin to humanity. Before the white trader came to the north-west they were never killed. Grey Wolf, an Apache, with his wife, Pony the Nottoway, an Iroquois, who are now trapping with the Ojibways in North Quebec, have had four beavers as pets. Two were turned loose; one died and was buried in a shell of birch-bark with full Indian funeral honours, while the fourth, not yet three months old, is seen above with his mistress. Known in the redskin tongue as ***ahmik***, the animals are still spoken of as "the beaver people"

The New Guillotine: A new table-lamp by Dim in wood and metal with adjustable reflector

THE NEW GUILLOTINE

--novel electric light fittings from paris

described by baseden butt

No, this is not a guillotine; nor is it some new kind of well-head, nor a lich-gate.

It is just the latest idea from Paris in electric table-lamps.

These standards are made of wood and metal—there is a new vogue for furniture made partly or entirely of steel or nickel—and their robot-like appearance is largely the result of practical and scientific considerations. They enable you not only to control the light but to modify the volume and intensity the shadows.

At first, designers of modernistic lighting fitments endeavoured to eliminate shadows altogether; but now their aim is not so much to eliminate as to control. It is realised that in any work of art the shadows are as necessary, as important, and as beautiful as the high lights, and the same is true of a well-decorated interior. But the shadows must fall in the right places.

The Futuristic effect of these modern electric fittings is really due to the presence of special reflectors, the whole fitment being designed in keeping. The reflectors can be adjusted to throw the light in any direction — upward, downward or around—to suit your requirements or your fancy.

Yes, the little table standard will admit you to a night-time fairyland.

SUCCESS *in all* SETS

— in this modern age the achievement of success in Society demands as scientific a study as in any other subject under the sun

by sybil vincent

Everyone specialises too much nowadays in Society as in everything else. The result is that once you get into a particular set it becomes the hardest thing in the world to escape into another. Most girls are either born into a set, achieve a set, or have a set thrust upon them in extreme youth.

Still, provided that the candidate will face a certain amount of hard work, the secret of a 100 per cent. success in all sets is not so difficult to discover. We will take it that, to begin with, she is inspired with a wish to conquer that exclusive group of young people whom the current slang of the moment knows as "smarties." To acquire the superiority and utter fashionableness of those gilded beings our aspirant must retire in seclusion for a brief but profitable period.

This retreat will not be for meditation, but to allow her to give her full attention to the study of a number of important subjects. First of all comes the lesson in lack of enthusiasm. A friend or member of the family must be told to come into the room bursting with good news. Cousin Janet, whom she hasn't seen for years, has left the candidate a fortune and a villa at Antibes. Until this exercise has been practised a number of times the novice is sure to express the natural reaction to such news, instead of replying in the correct laconic tone of voice, "Oh, what an *awful* bore! I suppose I shall have to go down to the City to see some tiresome solicitor. Solicitors are *such* bores!" She must remember, too, to call everyone "Darling" at first sight, it is always done before you know them well enough to call them by their Christian name.

Only by crushing every personal prejudice can a girl learn to recognise exactly what is smart and what is not. Provided she keeps all these points in mind, success among the "smarties" is absolutely certain. The only difficulty is this, to them imitation is such an intoxicating form of flattery that they will try to prevent her ever escaping from their set again.

Still, there are plenty of others to conquer, and after a few months among the "smarties" she will almost certainly wish to try the artistic. However successful she may be in other circles a girl can always catch studio fever at any moment. Having caught it, she rushes off, finds an extremely uncomfortable studio in Chelsea at a preposterous rent, and sits down to wait for success.

Generally, after waiting for several months, she gets a little discouraged and thinks that it would be better to spend the rent of the studio on new evening frocks; all her own fault, of course, for this is the worst possible way of attempting to break into the artistic set nowadays. In the dim romantic 'fifties, when "Scénes de la Vie Bohême" caused such a stir, a studio lent radiance to its occupant. Still, that was when the word "Bohemian" still recalled the Quartier Latin, and was not merely used by elderly ladies to describe an uncomfortable meal.

To-day the secret of success in artistic circles is to possess a satisfactory label. Artistic aspirations of one's own are a handicap, because the real artists will regard one as an impostor or a rival. The neophyte must, however, be celebrated for some unusual exploit or adventure (which fortunately need bear no resemblance to reality). Everyone she meets will be too interested in themselves to bother about cross-questioning her. If only they hear on introduction: "You must meet Miss X. You know, the girl who said 'Boo!' to Mussolini," or "Who knows all the cat-burglars in London," or "Whose grandmother was a cannibal!" then success is certain.

Lenare

THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY: *The wife of the Marquess of Queensberry, who lives in Tufton Street, S.W. Lady Queensberry was Miss Kathleen Mann, the daughter of Mr. Harrington Mann, the noted artist*

Next for a change one may wish to penetrate the Midland strongholds of the hunting set. Apart from the obvious necessity of learning up all the technical terms of horse and hound vocabulary, and dressing in very tailor-made coats and skirts, the only important point to concentrate upon (apart from the correct breezy way of entering a room) is to express on all occasions by word and manner the utmost contempt for everyone who does not hunt.

If this set should also pall, there is always what may be described as the South Kensington Group to fall back upon. Its members are far from all residing in South Kensington. They are to be found in Bayswater, Westminster, Belgravia, Mayfair, and every other part of London. Their great maxim is to be sweet and girlish at all times. Even when well advanced in middle life they still wear the soft white draperies of extreme youth and at the end of every sentence give a gentle schoolgirlish giggle.

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY ELLENBOROUGH: *The portrait in the Schonheits Gallery at Munich of the English Pompadour of the nineteenth century*

BEAUTY *through the* AGES

— every age has revelled in its own particular type of beauty and in the accompanying article an historical survey of outstanding schools is conducted

by james laver

God created Man in his own image, but woman was created in the image of Man's desire. So throughout the ages, although almost all types of woman have existed simultaneously, only those are remembered who seem in some way typical of their epoch. Those, in a word, who conform to the "Fashionable Type." What that type may have been we can learn from Art; for Art, among other things, is the Index of Fashion, and whether the artist imposes his type or whether his type is imposed upon him by popular opinion, is all one to the historian, for whom it is chiefly results that matter.

So long as sculptors and others are themselves completely imbued with the religion that employs them, their works give little indication of the general taste in woman. Their figures are unearthly, remote, hieratic; rigid with the awe of their creator for the image of god-head. It is only when the artist has become a little self-conscious that his work becomes an indication of the type of woman his contemporaries admire. The carven shape puts off Divinity and puts on Womanhood.

The Greeks had reached such a point of development in the fifth century before Christ, and the forms which they admired are definite and easily recognisable. A large-boned woman, she was, the Greek ideal; with high breasts, massive flanks and feet firmly planted on the earth; strong and athletic, accustomed to run and leap like her brothers; clear-eyed and straight-nosed and unashamed of nudity. She was admired, too, among the Romans, but less as virgin than as mother; the mother of warriors, the worthy mate of those who ruled the world.

Christianity introduced a new gentleness, and the worship of virginity promoted to admiration another kind of woman, more ethereal, more ecstatic; not the nurse of heroes but the bride of Christ. Art was once more truly religious, and the forms which artists had borrowed from the Roman decadence grew rigid with perpetual adoration, stiffening beneath their robes of gold and lapis upon the mosaic walls of Byzantium and Ravenna.

The Gothic world was Northern, its women more home-bred and secluded. In art they are smaller than those of the Classic ages, heavily gowned and coifed, a mere face peeping from a wimple. Eve, sculptured on the porch of a cathedral, is uncouth and unshapely, for the sculptor was unaccustomed to portray the naked figure, and loved to exercise the main force of his skill upon the heavy folds of a gown monastic in its severity. Towards the end of the Gothic period more graceful figures arose, swaying

MODERN BEAUTY IN MODERN GARB: *Mrs. Stuyvesant in a fashion of Cap d'Antibes*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

The beautiful Lady Ellenborough was a cause of grave scandal to the decorous England of the nineteenth century. The daughter of Admiral Sir Henry Digby and his wife, a daughter of Lord Leicester, in her early youth she scandalised her parents by running away with a gypsy troupe. Later, she eloped with one of her father's grooms. She was married by her family to Lord Ellenborough, whom she left for Prince Schwarzenburg. When divorced by the Englishman, the Austrian deserted her, but later she married Baron Venningen and essayed yet a third husband, a Sheikh.

THE "COUNTY" TYPE OF BEAUTY: *The Hon. Eileen Berry, once the youngest M.F.H. in the country*

S-shaped in a peculiar convention, or bending backwards to conform to the curve of an ivory tusk.

Meanwhile in Italy the Byzantine forms had, as it were, quickened into flesh. Even the Madonna escaped from her niche in Heaven and dangled her babe in a Tuscan landscape, like any human mother. But the female forms of the early Renaissance were still half angel. It was Raphael who

SPORTING BEAUTY 1930: *Miss Corinne Griffiths in bare legs, short and sleeveless frock, and no headgear—as worn in America*

made them wholly human, and Botticelli who infused into their faces and their figures a curious sophiscation which has its fascination even now.

In Venice, where the Renaissance was later in flowering, the women were more opulent in type — or else current taste made them seem so. Titian's heroines are ruddy-haired and inclined to *embonpoint*. The tendency was to be carried still further in the work of the great Fleming, Peter Paul Rubens. Rubens was joyous and full-blooded, untroubled by the diseases of the spirit. He loved life as he found it, but his imagination quickened its rhythm and heightened its colours, making the world one perpetual pageant, and gilding the grossness of Flanders with a gleam of the Italian sun. What a riot of flesh are some of his pictures! What vigour, what rotundity! He was completely free from any kind of sentimentality, and the very exuberance of his conception is the surest sign of its essential healthiness.

With Vandyke, splendour gives place to elegance. The rioting goddesses grow fine ladies, tall, stately and exquisitely gowned in silk and lace. Lely, although with a certain monotony of handling, continues his tradition, but his feet too were firm upon the earth. Watteau's women are more removed from humanity, half actress and half fairy, perpetually emerging from the *coulisses* of the Italian Comedy to embark for Cytheræa.

Boucher's goddesses are midinettes in masquerade, *petites femmes* who have thrown off their clothes in surroundings more luxurious than those in which they were brought up. Greuze added sentiment. His girls are of the same class as Boucher's, but they have a tear in the corner of their eye for their own lost innocence.

The Revolution swept away such boudoir elegancies and tried to return to the Roman pattern, while in Spain, Goya created his own peculiar ideal—an ideal which has found few imitators in painting — the hard, passionate woman, with savage, mysterious eyes and sensual lips—the prototype of every modern vamp.

The early nineteenth century produced little that was new, for we must exclude the painters of peasant types like Millet. We may admire their paintings but they have little effect upon current ideals of beauty. Indeed, oddly enough, it is to the comparatively minor school of the pre-Raphaelites that we owe the next change in accepted types of female beauty. Rossetti vacillated between Angelico and the Venetians; and Burne-Jones re-discovered Botticelli. It is a strange reflection that, in spite of all the æsthetic revolutions that have happened since, the modified Botticelli type still moves amongst us, particularly in England, and the most admired among the visitors to the Italian Exhibition are those who seem to be the walking embodiments of all the Florentine master dreamed.

THOSE RECIPES *for successful* MARRIAGE

—a protest against the fashionable "woman's article"

by jane england

Marriage is a thing that should be compound of the spiritual as well as the material things of life, that can be a thing of beauty, no matter how divergent the interests and daily doings of husband and wife. It is not on a mutual passion for dancing that a lifetime together can be founded, or even for that matter on a passion for cricket or literature. Nor can the ingredients for a successful marriage be put down—good temper, so much; forbearance, so much; tact, so much; and then stirred together like a Christmas pudding. For two people to live together all their lives and never to doubt for a moment that they could not have lived with anyone else is not a matter of tangible qualities, money, success, or good management. They may stick together through force of circumstances, love of children or fear of convention; but no amount of thought-out action will kindle love, and it is only love that keeps them together through failure and difficulty, criticism and disapproval. Such writers advocate all sorts of things. They ought to be made into a book; and worried husbands or wives might choose their own recipes—try them all out, one after the other! . . . and I beg leave to doubt whether any will be found effective. For the love that needs to be "kept" by dint of complete submerging of one's personality, by such cheap tricks as waved hair, of simulated interest in something that is not understood, by a bright acquiescence in every suggestion, whether it is liked or not, cannot be called love at all. Almost all the recipes are the same. They might have been handed down by an old wife in a Turk's harem, so utterly slavish are they. Most of these recipes are founded on the tired old theory that if a husband takes any interest in any other woman, his interest must of necessity be going to break up the home. "Do not on any account reproach him." Certainly do not, for it won't make any difference, and if you feel like it, do; it won't make any difference either. And it may relieve your feelings a great deal, if your feelings are apt to be wounded by such things.

'A MENACE TO MARRIAGE!:" *Mr. Adolphe Menjou whose philanderings are reserved to the screen, with Mrs. Menjou at Villa Serbelloni, Bellagio*

But is it reasonable to be so outraged? Is it reasonable to suppose that any man or woman can go through twenty or thirty years of married life without even a flicker of interest in any other person. A new angle on things, a few new ideas, are like breezes blowing through dusty corridors. Few men or women are so versatile that they never pall.

If I were a man I should take a hatchet to any woman who attempted to cozen me with good food and brightness and waved hair. If I didn't murder her I should go off with the first intelligent woman I could find! As James Stephens writes of such women:

I have looked him round and looked him through,
Know everything that he will do
In such a case, and such a case,
And when a frown comes on his face
I dream of it, and when a smile
I trace its sources in a while.

He cannot do a thing but I
Peep to find the reason why,
For I love him, and I seek
Every evening in the week,
To peep behind his frowning eye
With little query, little pry,
And make him it a woman can
Happier than any man.

Yesterday he gripped her tight
And cut her throat—and serve her right.

If one could only realise that marriage, like life, is a fundamental thing; the externals may change, they *must* change. All human relationships must be continually re-adjusted, for, as people grow older, so do they change slightly. Outside influences affect them; they swing and sway on the tide of life like ships at anchor, always, or almost always, swinging back to the straight. It is only when the anchor breaks that disaster comes. It is so with marriage. The happiest marriages are not always those that appear prosperous, in which lip service is continually paid to the married state. Some of the happiest marriages, in the true sense of the word, I have known, have been those of people who seemed storm-tossed and distracted. Marriages over which outsiders have shaken their heads, and which have been prophesied as soon ending, have gone on and on simply because, in spite of externals, that small flame has burnt clearly, something in each person's soul has met, something eternal.

If we could think of marriage and live it in the right way, omitting that jealous possessiveness, there would be an end of these cheap, objectionable recipes for success that are hawked round like patent medicines at a fair.

FASHIONS *in* FINE LINEN.

—the art note in modern napery

by margery maitland davidson

The dining-table of to-day, shining soft and lustrous with polish till the grain peeps out in alluring patterns, is a thing of beauty.

Now the Edwardian stiff damask and mitred napkins are banished — let us hope for ever — designers, hand-weavers, embroiderers, lace-makers, all vie with each other in producing foils to enhance the loveliness of wood and grain. Infinite in their variety are the shapes and qualities of dinner and luncheon sets. For the large table, where space is no object, you can buy oblong mats, three for each guest, as a *parterre* for her glass, plate, and toast. Round and square mats, of course with the centre runner to match in shape and material, rival each other for popularity.

The choice of colour and design is essentially a question of temperament and taste as well as, naturally, consideration of the purse's capacity. Some hostesses prefer to express their individuality by exploiting their favourite colour in their napery. The other day I found myself facing blood-red mats at dinner, while on my knee lay a napkin of the same somewhat startling colour. On the whole, however, natural tinted sets are far more attractive.

THE EDWARDIAN STYLE: *The stiff damask table with its napkins in mitre form*

Some of them are composed of sheer fine shadow linen with a line of hand drawn-thread work running through them. Others, inlaid with a mesh-work of filet lace through which the wood of the table shimmers, are of exquisite workmanship. Cross-stitch, in true sampler style, faintly tinged by blue, pink, and lemon and green, adorn the corners and edges of some of the parchment-hued sets. Real filet is used to a great extent and is truly lovely, especially when made in small dainty circles with scalloped edges.

For the very small table the solitary mat for each person is coming into fashion. This has enormous space-saving advantages. Carried out in Deruta work they are most attractive.

In spite of the growing popularity of this fine linen for the table, Chinese mats, perhaps because of their rich colouring, are still favoured by many people, especially for use on a hard, heavy surface. Not unattractive, either in quality or price, are the art silk cloths and napkins of damask appearance.

As for tea napkins, here the hostess can without qualms allow her partiality for colour to sway her. Colour is, in fact, the keynote of modern house linen.

Towels of similar hue you can find in granite cloth of incredible—and paradoxical—softness, decorated with fine linen appliqué, while for harder wear there are huckaback and diaper ones, also finished with a discreet line of colour.

NOTE. — *All the novelties described above may be seen at Messrs. Walpole's, Grande Maison de Blanc, and the White House — all of Bond Street*

MODERNISING *a* STUDIO.

—large room flats are delightful, but they must be brought up-to-date

by eric dighton

There is a certain fascination in living in large rooms. Perhaps this is the reason why so many people want to live in studios nowadays. For the woman or man who lives alone I can imagine nothing more convenient or attractive than the studio flat. This usually consists of a studio with a gallery running round it, out of which is a small bedroom or an alcove for a bed, and a small kitchen and bathroom. Such an establishment has the advantage of being easy to run and yet large enough for the entertaining and receiving of friends. It is a great pity that more of these studio flats are not built in England.

Strangely enough, most of the studios I have seen, despite the fact that they are light and airy, are very old-fashioned. And the studio illustrated is an attractive example of how an old-fashioned studio can be brought up-to-date and modernised.

The studio illustrated belongs to a well-known French poster artist, Jean Carlu. When M. Carlu took the studio it was furnished in rather bad period style. The staircase and gallery had an ugly carved wood balustrade, the walls were papered with hideous wallpaper, and the only redeeming feature of the room was the great high studio window! For a little while the owner was at a loss to know what to do about the re-decoration of the room, for whatever he did to the rest of the studio the carved gallery and balustrade still remained an eyesore. Then he hit upon the brilliant idea of encasing the whole gallery and staircase in plywood and plastering it white. This altered the whole effect of the room. This staircase, instead of destroying the whole effect of the room, now became its chief decorative feature. For the staircase now sweeps down into the studio with a bold curve that is satisfyingly lovely in its modern simplicity.

On left—AN OVERHEAD VIEW: *Black, white, and grey make this studio a pleasant place*

Below—THE CURVING STAIRCASE: *An effective treatment of what was an eyesore*

SECTION—cont.

This treatment of the staircase by encasing it in wood is an idea that could be easily applied to many an ugly staircase that at present spoils an otherwise attractive house. And it does not cost very much to carry out.

The decoration of the studio itself has been executed in a subtle scheme of white, grey, and black. The walls and ceiling have been covered with cement grey plaster, which forms a striking background for the glistening whiteness of the staircase and balcony, the top of which has been outlined with a narrow strip of polished black wood. The doors leading into the studio have been painted black and highly varnished, and have chromium-plated square-shaped handles. Each door has been outlined in white against the grey plaster. The floor is covered with parquet flooring and several leopard-skin rugs have been placed about the floor to relieve its bareness.

AN EFFECT BY ELIMINATION: *A corner of the studio executed in violent contrasts—silver and black being the predominating colours*

THE STUDIO WINTER GARDEN: *A delightful Continental innovation which adds much to a class of dwelling too often in need of lightening*

The furniture is extremely simple. All of it is black, except for the comfortable arm-chairs covered in natural pigskin. Most of the furniture consists of simple silver metal chairs and tables with silver tubular metal bases.

However one piece of furniture is worthy of special notice. This is a large combination cupboard—chest of drawers made in oak, stained and polished black, treated in an original way, for the grain of the oak has been rubbed up with silver. This gives the wood a beautiful black and silver effect. A small occasional table has been treated in the same manner.

So far the studio is entirely a study in black, silver, white, and grey. But the artist has introduced touches of colour by placing several of his posters on the walls. These posters, with their vivid outlines and brilliant splashes of colour, show to tremendous advantage against their sober background, and add just the necessary touch of decorative colour needed in such a scheme.

Modern advertising posters are so excellent, and are of such brilliant designs, that it is surprising that more people do not think of using them in their rooms. For the firms for whom they are executed are usually only too glad to let one have a copy of some special poster for the price of a few shillings. And posters are frequently far more beautiful than the average picture most of us can barely afford to buy.

• modern interiors

On left—MODERNISED CHINESE: *An unusually treated breakfast-room by a distinguished American designer, Mr. C. B. Falls*

On right — IN WALNUT AND POLYCHROME: *A striking dining-room designed by W. T. Benda*

A RING *is an* INTIMATE THING

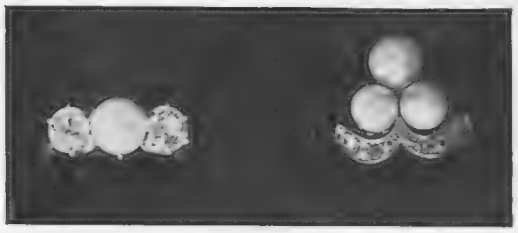
—let us choose it with care

by lady ingram

From earliest times we humans have regarded the ring with honour. The earliest known rings came from the Egyptian tombs. They were heavy and massive, made of pure gold, and had the names of their owners engraved on an oblong bezel, later wrought in scarab form.

In Europe the ring has always been regarded as the emblem of eternity, so it was naturally adopted by lovers as a pledge of their troth, and as a token of everlasting love at marriage.

The early-Victorian matron would not have considered herself decently dressed, let alone properly married, without her ring! And in those days the wedding-rings were heavy and broad. They got narrower as time went on and the sportswoman found that her flat ring gave her blisters when it came in contact with golf-clubs and reins. So a tiny round fillet of gold became the fashion. Next, platinum took the place of gold because it matched the settings of other rings, for by now it



Above—*A culture pearl and a real pearl ring*

On right—*An old rose crystal and a blister pearl*

had been discovered that platinum set-off gems to far better advantage than gold. The "latest and smartest thing" in wedding-rings is the all round hoop of diamonds set in platinum.

We realise now that one or two rings are far more effective than nine or ten. In the daytime rings are little in evidence, and with evening dress three rings are the most that are worn. They are chosen with care, to tone in with the frock, and not just put on because the wearer wishes to show she owns rings! Modern jewellery tends to the bizarre and the extravagance of the designs makes it impossible to use only real stones. The imitation of gems and pearls has been brought up to a fine art and it is no longer considered "unladylike"—as it was in the days of our grandmothers—to wear artificial jewellery.

Those who wear rings should choose them to suit their hands with just as much care as they take in selecting hats to suit their faces.

CLOCKS.

—there is as much character in a time-piece as in a person

by bernard hughes

Whenever a new home comes into existence by the mysterious process of selection it is more often than not amply provided with clocks by loving friends and relatives. Clocks seem the inevitable, the fitting wedding gift.

The favourite type of clock for matrimonial donation seems to be a gold and crystal affair of fragile and delicate workmanship. Its gilded pendulum swings nervously in a glass case, and it strikes the hours with a soft (when new) harmonious note. But it is temperamental and uncertain.

Then there is the more substantial and less temperamental type of clock that will go in almost any position or at any angle, but resolutely refuses to strike the hour correctly.

At this moment my enemy on the mantelshelf wheezes a bit and strikes four. I recall that in another hour, at five, it will probably strike seven. It just strikes the hour most convenient and agreeable at the time.

Then I hear from the hall the notes of a slightly harsh bell chiming correctly to the second. It comes from an ancient grandfather clock. A jocund moon peers from the top of the face as it slowly moves from side to side, a clumsy minute-hand jerks steadily forward, and in the solid case two heavy lead weights move slowly down from polished brass pulleys. A heavy pendulum swings unseen, and its solemn tick is audible above all other trivial household noises.

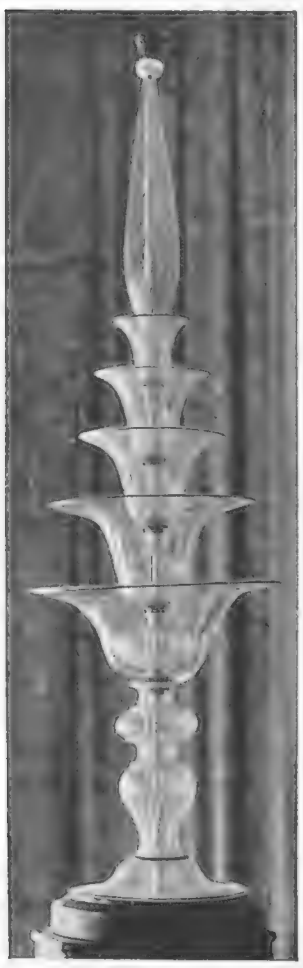
There is a clock after my own heart. It knows no whims. It has already ticked away the lives of six generations and is good for three more.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN—cont.

THE GLAMOUR *of* GLASS

AN ALTERNATIVE SCHEME OF TABLE DECORATION TO THE INEVITABLE FRUIT AND FLOWERS IS TO BE FOUND IN THE SKILFUL USE OF FANTASTIC CREATIONS IN GLASS

DECORATION IN GLASS: Above—*a fish-bowl of the modern mode;* below—*fantastic animals wrought in glass*



CRYSTALLINE CHARMS: *A table-centre decoration in glass, and,* on left, *a glass fountain by the Italian designer, N. Martinuzzi*

THE EVOLUTION OF BEAUTY: *The gradual changes loveliness has undergone in type and garb was shown in tableaux at the National Beauty Contest in Los Angeles. Eve, the Stone Age girl, and the maiden of classic Hellas, are shown above. It is stated we may revert to Eve styles in the near future!*

THE HOME-MANAGEMENT NOTE BOOK.

Any inquiries concerning the following should be addressed to—
Miss Diana Bourbon,
c/o "The Sphere,"
Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.

"THE" DYE FOR UNDIES.—A boon in all households is the new Wonder Dye now on the market, *that won't tint lace.* Every wearer of modern under-garments, with their delicate pink or peach or violet tones, knows the depressing day when those shades degenerate into a sort of dirty white. Re-tinting has to be resorted to, and the charming contrast between the coloured silk or wool and the white or coffee-coloured lace is sacrificed. And (is anything uglier than coloured lace?) this new dye does away with the sacrifice. It will tint silk or wool—the material of the undergarment, in other words—but the lace (so long as it is cotton lace—in other words, 99 per cent. of possible lace) won't take the colour. Your undies come up again as fresh, as colourful as when you bought them, and the trimmings remain as they were. The dye costs 6d. a packet and comes in all the popular shades.

THE HAIR-DRYING VACUUM-CLEANER.—An amusing novel gadget is a hygienic sweeper that can also be used to dry the hair or to spray disinfectant (or perfume) about the house. It weighs only five pounds, costs £5 (or rather guineas), and can be adjusted to do all upholstery work such as tufted sofas, stairs, and other short-handle jobs, very easily. When used as a dryer, or air diffuser, it can be made to distribute hot or cold air at will. Its small, round, custion hole is very efficient as it can be nozzled into all sorts of small crannies that the ordinary large-mouthed sweeper will not reach. It has the usual complement of adjustable fittings.

A HANDY, INEXPENSIVE SLICER.—The waste there inevitably is in cutting thin bread by hand! The uncertainty of getting the desired thickness for the breakfast toast. The rashers of bacon that come up too thick or too thin—unless one has the whole piece machine-cut at the shop, so that the last rashers shrivel and nearly dry away before they get to be eaten!

For 11s. 6d. one may buy a bacon and bread slicer that is both a time and material saver. It is only $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, has a revolving tempered steel blade and polished base board, and is singularly easy to adjust. You can get it at Harrods.

INEXPENSIVE WATER SOFTENER.—Fifteen shillings to five guineas, according to size, is the cost of a very simple water-softener shown at Whiteley's. There is no costly adjustment or maintenance. Water to be treated—whether it is for toilet or drinking purposes—is simply poured through the filter, and immediately the change from hard to soft (with its corresponding benefits to health and saving in soap) is apparent.

PETROL LAMPS.—A lamp that burns petrol as well as paraffin (without any change of burner being necessitated) is a great boon in country districts, where it is possible for supplies of one or the other to run out suddenly. The Lilor costs 41s. in solid brass, and has one mantle of 300 candle-power. It costs 2d. for eight hours' burning. The hurricane lantern effect too is particularly good for use as a porch or garage light.

SCOTTISH DEERHOUNDS

by

Arthur Wardle

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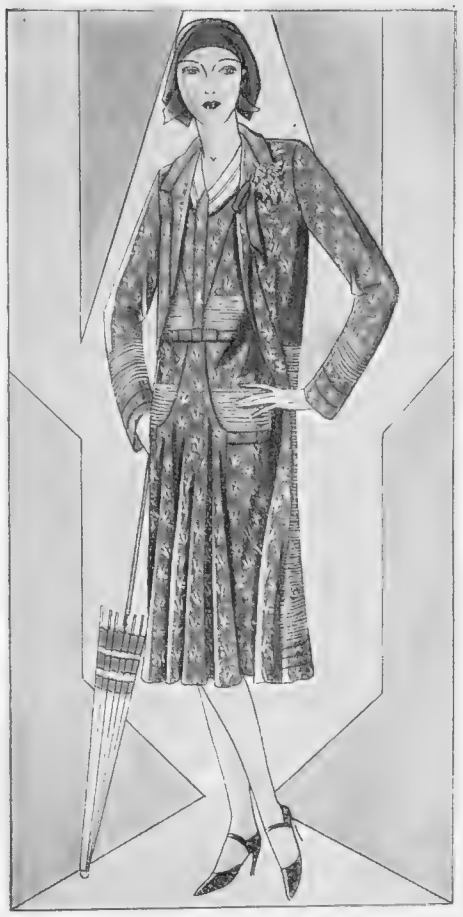
The Woman's Sphere

By Marjorie

The vogue for stitching is plainly demonstrated in this silk jersey sports hat and scarf. At Debenham and Freebody's



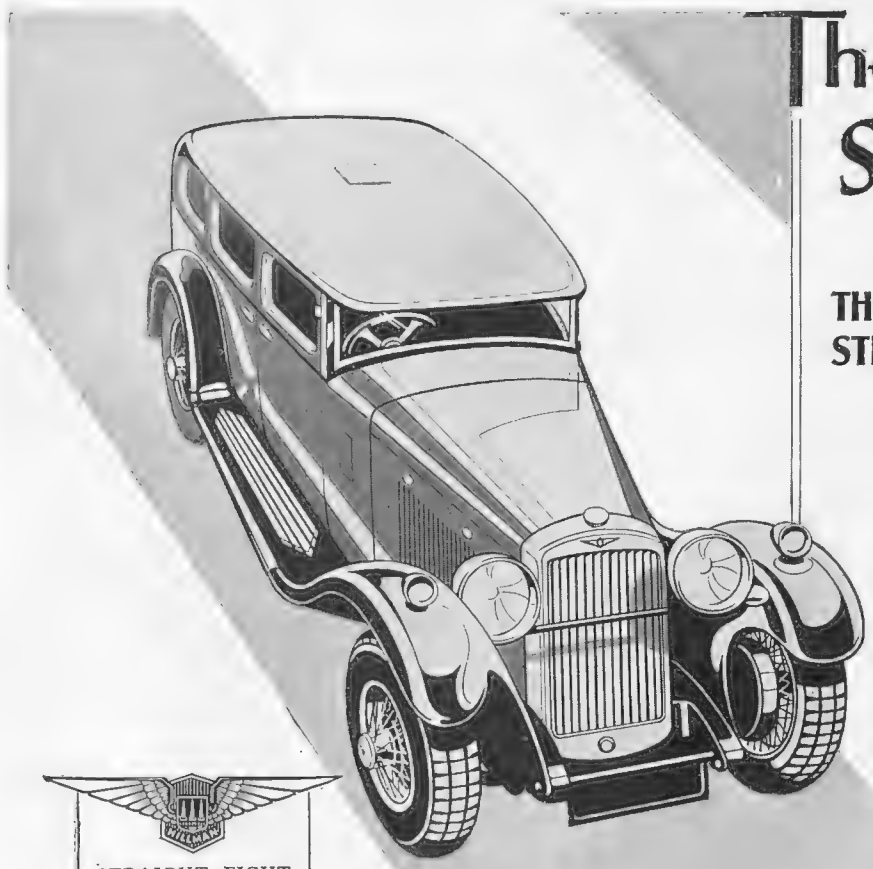
This decorative, yet not too striking, ensemble is of crêpe in the new blue shade, which is rather lighter than navy, and is patterned with lilies of the valley. The dress has long sleeves and is arranged with a bolero effect. At Debenham and Freebody's

Hot-foot from Paris to the salons of Debenham and Freebody comes this shady hat. It is of Bangkok, the crown being trimmed with felt, and the brim outlined with it

Fashion has decreed that the hip-line must be slender, and women will be well advised if, instead of trying to reduce by wearing tight corsets they will do certain exercises daily. An excellent one is to sit on the floor with the legs close together, and then raise the arms above the head and then lower them slowly, touching the toes whenever possible. Another one is to lie on the floor with the chest down and the hands at the sides, and to lift one leg and then the other; this movement of the legs should be repeated about a dozen times. Good reducing work is likewise produced by standing with the hands on the hips, and bending the body as far as possible to the right and then to the left. There are many other exercises that are strongly to be recommended to those who want to be slender, particulars of which I shall be pleased to send to all who write to me.

THE RETURN OF THE SHADY HAT.—There are signs on the horizon that as soon as the sun really condescends to shine the shady hat will come into its own again; there can be no two opinions about it that it is a very decorative affair. There are some very attractive models of this character to be seen at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street. The hat on the right of this page is of very fine Bangkok; the crown is trimmed with felt and the brim is outlined with it. An important feature is the clever manner in which the brim is waved at the sides. The hat on the left, which is primarily destined for sports and country wear, is carried out in silk jersey, and it is of this material that the scarf is made. Another model was made of marine-blue Bangkok strewn with oblong *motifs* of felt; the brim was drawn down at the sides; this idea was responsible for a modified Salvation Army bonnet effect.

THE ENSEMBLE AGAIN.—For so long now have women been accustomed to wear a coat that again this season the ensemble is sure to be warmly applauded. Sometimes it consists of skirt, dress, and coat, when it is more often than not designated a week-end outfit. Or it may be a dress and coat, like the copy of the Patou model which appears on this page, which may be seen in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. It is expressed in one of the new crêpes; the ground is blue rather lighter than a navy, with a lily-of-the-valley pattern. The frock has long sleeves and is arranged with a bolero effect. The hips are moulded, and tucks are used for decorative purposes. Panels of pleats likewise appear on the coat.



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Saloon	£445
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Tourer	£310
Safety Tourer	£325
Saloon	£325
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The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

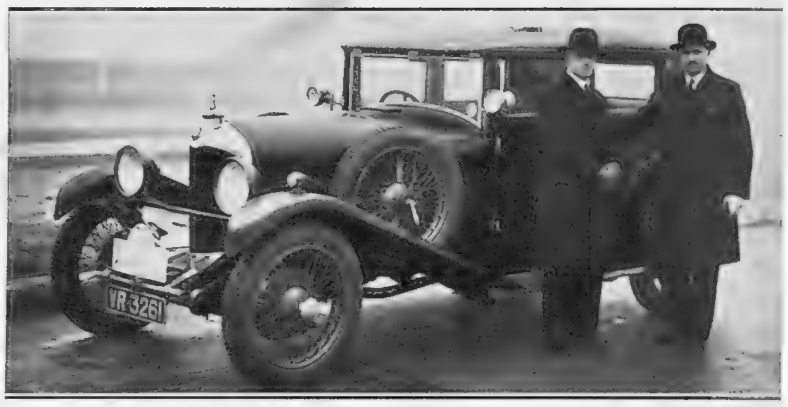
RILEY (COVENTRY) LTD.—On more than one occasion in these notes I have alluded to the amazing popularity of the Riley Nine. Success has been so rapid with the manufacturers of this car that quite recently they were able to proclaim that their sales during the past twelve months had exceeded £1,000,000. The manufacturers, Riley (Coventry) Ltd., are an exceedingly interesting company; in fact in many ways they are unique. It has been and still is a strictly family affair.

As their slogan states, they are as old as the industry, and right in the early days Mr. Wm. Riley, whom I am glad to say, though elderly, is still alive, started, as many others did at that time, with bicycles. He was blest with wonderful foresight and with a bevy of sons. By sheer persistence the latter induced their father to make a motor-car, and well over twenty years ago I remember being a passenger in one of those early Rileys in a hill-climb in Ireland.

At that time the Riley had a 90 deg. engine, which was rightly considered to be one of the finest power units used at that time in a motor-car. The firm has therefore held an enviable name right from the beginning; it is saturated with valuable experience, and possesses behind it the driving force of youth. Such valuable assets are all discernible in the present-day Riley product. It is modern in the true sense of the word, yet there is a solidity and soundness of construction which is only to be found in cars coming from factories which are ripe in experience.

A SPEEDWAY OF OUR OWN.—Much comment has been made regarding the recently proposed motor speedway that is to be constructed on the Wash. The Board of Trade has held an inquiry and will, in due course, promulgate its findings. Various well-known people in the motor world gave evidence in its favour, in fact there was scarcely a discordant note sounded during the days when the inquiry was taking place. I think it is safe to say that everyone interested in motor sport, or even in motoring in the wider sense of the word, is in favour of the scheme. To be compelled to take a car all the way to America in order to travel at speeds over 200 m.p.h. is a very sad reflection on this country, and therefore the scheme deserves support at any rate from the patriotic point of view. Personally I would warn its promoters not to indulge in too much exaggeration, or in the showering out of highly-coloured statements. Perhaps those which have appeared are due to the super-keenness of the Press, but it is really ridiculous to talk of a stand four miles in length. There is no spectacular sport that could be produced in this country that would ever fill to capacity a stand that length. When one considers the crowds that go to football matches, and then measure up the lengths of stands, one can realise the absurdity of the suggestion to which I allude. Then, again, we have read that the estimated cost of the whole plan would be between £300,000 and £600,000. I think, although those figures appear in many papers, that through a printer's error a nought had been dropped out, but even so, bearing in mind what the 2¾ miles of Brooklands track cost in pre-War days, when the £1 sterling was somewhat different from what it is to-day, it is difficult to see how a track 15 miles in length, with all its necessary fencing, sea-walls, sluice-gates, to say nothing of the 4-mile grand stand and the motor-boat waterway, could possibly be constructed for much under £10,000,000.

A STAR MONTE BOUND.—Mr. J. L. Finigan of Liverpool has entered a 2-litre Crossley (shown below) in the Monte Carlo Rally. The car is a standard Crossley 2-litre fabric sports saloon. Mr. Finigan will start from John o' Groats. This will be the fourth year in succession he has participated in the Rally. Last year, starting from John o' Groats, he was the only competitor attempting the full average speed to reach Monaco. During the journey he encountered a belt of fog which stretched from Perth in Scotland to Avignon in France excepting a clear stretch of road between Glasgow and Penrith. Mr. Finigan was, incidentally, the runner-up for the Welter-weight Boxing Championship of the Territorial Army (Officers Weights) in 1928.



A Star to Shine at Monte Carlo: A 2-litre Crossley sports saloon entered by Mr. J. L. Finigan (left) in the Monte Carlo Rally. On the right is Mr. F. H. Beer, Crossley's sales manager

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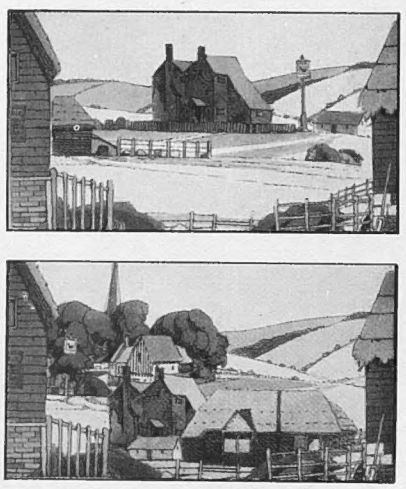
THE PRIZE-WINNERS: The entries awarded first, second, and third place

"THE SPHERE'S" CHRISTMAS COMPETITION.

Awards in the Outstanding Successful Pictorial Contest

A greater number of replies than ever have come to the Competition Editor, in response to the task set in the Christmas Number of 1929. A view of a Kentish village setting was presented to readers with a number of buildings in outline which had to be placed upon the landscape in a manner which appeared to be the most natural. The view was taken from an actual village. A number of our readers got very close to the actual arrangement. The first prize winner has almost every piece in its actual position. The three prizes have been awarded as follows:—(£5) 1—Mrs. E. J. Kirby, Rose Cottage, The Common, Chislehurst, Kent; (£3) 2—Mrs. A. Cottrell, Kingsworthy Grove, Nr. Winchester; (£2) 3—Dr. J. E. Budden, 1, Market Street, Hoylake, Cheshire.

The following deserve honourable mention:—Miss Neligan, 1, Mount Street, W.1; Miss C. G. Trew, Stamford House, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19; Miss P. Croasdale, 13, Pond Place, Chelsea, S.W.3; Mrs. Muriel Johns, Angmering, 10, Watchbell Street, Rye, Sussex; Miss Pamela King, 24, Nightingale Road, Southsea, Hants; Mrs. Marie Ellis, 25, Park Street, Taunton, Somerset; R. Beddow, 15, Irving Mansions, Queen's Club Gardens, W.14; Miss Winifred Fitzherbert, 24, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7; Miss H. C. Vaudrey, 71, Westfield Road, Egbaston, Birmingham; Miss Joan Young, Crowland, Shawfield Park, Bromley, Kent; Mr. Frank H. Knight, "Mildura," Cranleigh, Surrey; Miss Elizabeth Murray Davey, Anner Castle, Clonmel, Co, Tipp.



OFF THE RAILS: Variations on the same theme

The three prize-winning results are reproduced here, together with two other solutions which give some idea of the variations which readers found it possible to arrive at.

DEBRETT'S "HOUSE OF COMMONS"

The edition of *Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench* next after a General Election is always for all practical purposes an entirely new publication—and in the past few months there have been not only the General Election to the House of Commons at Westminster, but also Elections to both Houses of Parliament of Northern Ireland. In the preface to its sixty-fourth annual issue (over 580 pp., cloth-gilt, 20s. net, edited by Arthur G. M. Hesilrige), the following points are dealt with: Result of the above-mentioned General Elections; "Debrett, a library book of reference, not a hastily-thrown together list of names and voting; corrected polling figures; party designation; composition of new House of Commons; first woman to be sworn of the Privy Council; family parties in Parliament; the 'father of the House of Commons' and the youngest M.P.; Members of Parliament with same or similar surname; important changes on the Judicial Bench." Most definitely a book to possess.

THE SOUTH AND EAST AFRICAN YEAR BOOK

The present edition contains for the first time a bibliography of books relating to South and East Africa, including those in Afrikaans, which have appeared during the last twelve months or so. They number over 150. For the first time plans of African harbours touched at by the company's boats have been included in the text. The development of the central areas of Kenya and Uganda has necessitated the addition to the atlas of a new map on a larger scale of these districts. A table of the value of all rural land sold during 1928 within the Union, prepared by the Government Census Office, is the first of its kind, and a resumé has been included in this edition. The principal events and developments since the issue of the 1929 edition are included. The book is sold at 2s. 6d.

LIST OF NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

Among other discs we have received are the following: "Symphony No. 4" (Tschaikowsky), William Mengelberg conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, ten parts, five records. "Tarantelle" (Popper, Op. 33), and "Adagietto" (Bizet, arr. by Squire), 'cello solos by W. H. Squire (the former with a piano accompaniment, the latter with Pattman at the organ). "Tom Der Reimer" (Loewe, Op. 135). In German; Ivar Andresen, bass (at the piano, Dr. Franz Hallasch, Munich), two parts, one record. "Suite in D Major, Overture" (J. S. Bach), Orchestra of the Brussels Royal Conservatoire, conducted by Desire Defauw, two parts, one record. "Suite in D Major – Aria" (J. S. Bach), and "Suite in D Major—Gavotte" (J. S. Bach). Orchestra of the Brussels Royal Conservatoire, conducted by Desire Defauw. "Suite in D Major—Bouree and Gigue" (J. S. Bach), Orchestra of the Brussels Royal Conservatoire, conducted by Desire Defauw, and "Sarabande" (Corelli), Madrid Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Enrique Fernandez Arbos.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

There is still time to obtain tickets for the performance of *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, which Miss Donaldson and her well-known company of amateur players are giving at the New Scala Theatre, Charlotte Street, W., on Tuesday evening next, February 4, at 8.15, in aid of the funds of the above Society. Her Royal Highness Princess Mary Countess of Harewood has graciously consented to accord this performance her patronage. Tickets, ranging from £2 2s. to 3s. 6d., may be obtained from the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, or on the day of the performance at the Box Office of the New Scala Theatre.

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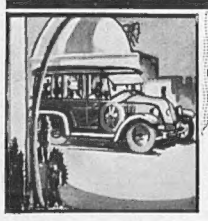

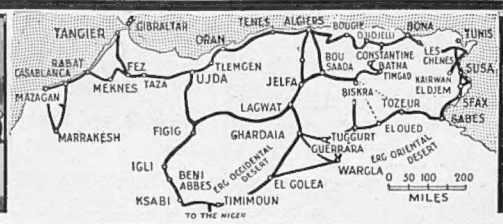

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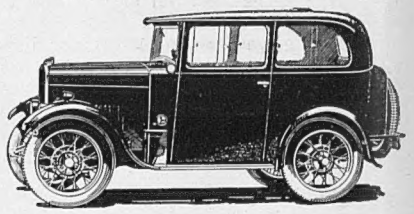

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IT'S A LONG LIST

— BUT WE WANT YOU TO KNOW

The Editor of BRITANNIA & EVE is no weather prophet, but when he planned the February issue he made full allowance for a goodly quota of long, cold, damp, dreary evenings. He has set out to entertain you on such occasions with features astoundingly original and profoundly interesting.

Every bookstall and every bookseller will have the February issue for your inspection on February 1st. Make a point of looking through it, and we are certain you will buy it. The *modern day* stories are in BRITANNIA & EVE.

"THE KEY OF LIFE" by Sir Philip Gibbs
"THE CRIME PASSIONNEL" by Agatha Christie
"THE ART OF ANECDOTE" by George Adam
"THE TRUTH ABOUT MEDIUMS" by Shaw Desmond
"THE REST OF THE WORLD" by Diana Bourbon
"CHILDREN OF LUCIFER" by Iris Tree
"HIS MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL" by Lord Birkenhead
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY" painted by F. Matania, R.I.
"MISS LUCY'S TWO VISITORS" by Marjorie Bowen
"THE A.B.C. OF SOCIAL CLIMBING" by Derek Coventry Patmore
"OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES" described by Peggy Fremantle
'WHY NOT LET OUR ACTORS ACT" by Ruth Teazle

Her Royal Highness PRINCESS ELIZABETH

celebrates her fourth birthday on April 21st. Two of the newest photographs of Her Royal Highness, hitherto unpublished, are reproduced in photogravure. These charming camera studies are well worthy of preservation.

"THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE" by Arnold Palmer
"THE MOVIE FINGER WRITES . . ." by Sydney Tremayne
"OUR DISTANT COUSINS" by Lord Dunsany
"BETTER BREAKFASTS" by Catherine Ives
"ECONOMY IN SPACE AND DETAIL" by Madge Garland
"WE ARE ALL YOUNG ONCE" by May Edginton
"POISONED TONGUES" by Cosmo Hamilton
"THE HISTORY OF THE BED" by Eric Dighton
THE HIGH WATER-MARK OF FASHION
"MADAM, DID YOU KNOW . . . ?"
"THE ANGEL OF THE PALMS" by Beatrice Grimshaw
"POKER FIST . . ." by Robert Saudek
"THE SAWDUST PSYCHIC" by Guy Gilpatric
"DISTEMPER" by Violet Small
"ACTIVITY IS THE LAW OF LIFE" by Margaret Gaye
"YOUR DUTY TO YOUR HAIR" by "Chrysis"
"HOCKEY" by Mrs. Eustace White
"BADMINTON MATCH-PLAY" by Alice M. Cooke
THE WOMEN'S GOLF SECTION, conducted by Eleanor E. Helme
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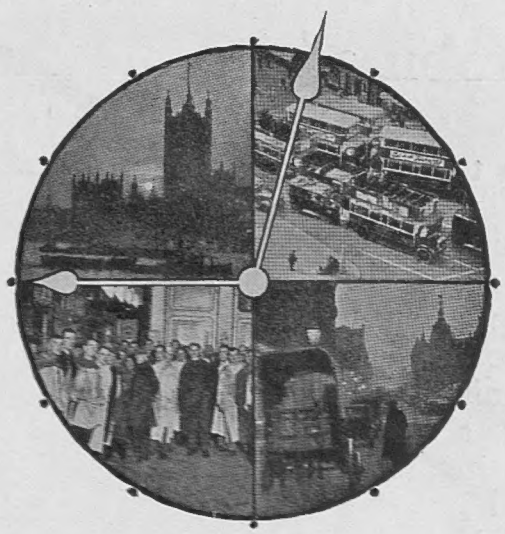

Diana Bourbon contributes her second article on "HOW THE REST OF THE WORLD LIVES." If you would know, do not miss this series on any account. Go with the writer from the glare of the West to the gloom of the East—and all that lies between.

In the February Issue of

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